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Half A Chance

BY FREDERIC S. ISHAM

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"'Dearie'! Ho! Ho!" The ship reeled at a dangerous angle, but the convict appeared not to notice; his voice rose in harsh, irresistible rough merriment. "'Dearie'! And she thanks me not to call it names! It! No big-ger'n my thumb! Ho! Ho!" His laughter, strange at such a moment, died abruptly. "Do you know what you've gone and done on account of what's in that cage?" he demanded almost fiercely. "You've got left!"

"Left?" said she blankly, shrinking from him a little. "You don't mean—oh, I thought I would be only a min-ute! They haven't really gone, and—"

The great fingers closed on her arm. "They've gone and the crew's gone! Both boats are gone!"

"Oh!" The big blue eyes widened on him; an inkling of her plight seem-ed to come over her; her lips trembled, but she held herself bravely. "You mean—we must drown?"

The thunder of seas breaking on the deck answered; a cascade of water dashed down the companionway and swept round them. The man bent toward the child. "Look a' that! Now ain't ye sorry ye come back?"

"I couldn't leave it to drown!" pas-sionately—"couldn't!—couldn't!"

"Blow me, she's game!" With diffi-culty he maintained his equilibrium. "See here; maybe there's a chance, if any of them's left to help with the raft. But we've got to git out o' this!"

He passed his hand through her arm awaited a favorable moment, and then, making a dash for the stairs, drew her, as best he might, to the deck. At the head of the companionway, the wind smote them fiercely with sheets of foam, but his strength stood him in good stead, and bracing himself hard, the man managed to maintain his stand; holding the child close to him, he sheltered her somewhat from the full force of the storm. As he cast his glance over the deck, an oath burst from his lips; the convicts had suc-ceeded in launching one of the rafts and leaving the ship by means of it, or else had been carried away by the seas. Of living man, he caught no sight; only a single one of the dead yet remained, sliding about on the slippery planks with the movement of the ship; now to leeward, now rushing in a contrary direction, as if some grotesque spirit of life yet animated the dark, shapeless form.

From wave-washed decks the man's glance turned to the sea; suddenly he started; his eyes straining, he stared hard. "Maybe they've missed you. One of the ship's boats seems headin' this way!"

His gaze followed his; at intervals through driving spray a small craft could be discerned, not far distant, now riding high on a crest, now van-ishing in a black furrow.

"Are they coming back to save us?" asked the child.

The convict did not answer. Could the boat make the ship, could it hope to, in that sea? It was easier getting away than getting back. Besides, the opportunity for a desperate, heroic attempt to come alongside was not to be given her, for scarcely had they caught sight of her, when the stern of the Lord Nelson, now filled with water from the inflow at the bow, be-gan to settle more rapidly. Then came a frightful wrenching and the vessel seemed to break in two.

"Put yer arms round my neck," said the man, stooping.

She put one of them around; with the other held up the cage. He open-ed the door of the wickerwork prison and a tiny thing flew out. Then he straightened. Both arms were around him now.

"'Fraid?" he whispered hoarsely.

The child shook her head.

An instant he waited, then launched himself forward. Buffeted hither and thither, he made a fierce fight for the rail, reached it, and leaped far out into the seething waters.

CHAPTER III.

In the prime of his belligerant career the Pet of 'Frisco had undergone many fierce contests and withstood some ter-rible punishments, but never had he undertaken a task calling for greater courage and power of endurance than the one he had this night voluntarily assumed. Dashed about by the seas, he yet managed to keep to the surface; minutes seemed to lengthen into eter-nity; many times he called out loudly. The arms about his neck relaxed, but he held the child to him. Not for an instant did the temptation come to him to release her that he might the more surely save himself. Overwhelm-ed again and gain by the waves, each time he emerged with her tight against his breast; half-strangled, he contin-ued to fight on. But at length even his dogged obstinacy and determina-tion began to flag; he felt his strength going, when, raising his eyes, he saw one of the small craft from the lost vessel bearing directly down upon him.

The sight inspired new energy and effort; nearer, nearer, she drew; now she was but few yards away. Then suddenly the sheet of the life-boat went out and the little sail fluttered like a mad thing, while the men bent with might and main over their ash handles in the endeavor to obey the commands of the chief mate in the stern. But despite skill and strength she was not easy to steer; once she nearly capsized; then eager hands reached over the side. The convict held up the child; a voice—the police agent's—called out that they "had her;" and then the mate broke in with harsh, warning yells.

"Pull port!—quick!—or we're over!" And at once the outstretching arms returned quickly to their task; as the child was drawn in, oars dragged and tugged; the life-boat came slowly about, shipping several barrels of wa-ter. At the same time some one made the loosened sheet taut, the canvas caught the gust and the craft gained sufficient headway to enable her to run over, and not be run down by the seas. As she careened and plunged, racing down a frothing dark billow, the convict, relieved of his burden, clung to the lower gunwale. By a des-perate effort he drew himself up, when a face vaguely remembered—as part of a bad dream—looked into his, with a flash of surprise.

"Eh?—Gimme a hand—"

The asked-for hand swept suddenly under the one grasping the side of the boat, and shot up sharply. In the darkness and cofusion no one saw the act. The convict disappeared, but his half-articulate curses followed.

"The fellow's let go," muttered Lord Ronsdale with a shiver.

At the steering oar the chief mate, hearing the cries of the man, cast a swift glance over his shoulder and hes-itated. To bring the boat, half-filled with water, around now, meant inev-itable disaster; one experiment of the sort had well-night ended in their all being drowned. He knew he was per-sonally responsible for the lives in his charge; and with but an instant in which to decide, he declined to repeat the risk.

"He's probably gone by this time, anyhow," he told himself, and drove on.

The convict, however, was not yet quite "gone;" as the boat receded rapidly from view, becoming smaller and smaller, he continued mechanic-ally to use his arms. But he had as little heart as little strength to go on with the uneven contest.

"He's done me! done me!" he re-peated to himself. "And I ain't never goin' to git a chance to fix him," he thought, and looked despairingly at the sky. The dark rushing clouds looked like black demons; the stars they uncovered were bright gleaming dagger points. "Ain't never!—the slob!" And with a flood of almost sobbing invective he let himself go.

But as the waters closed over him and he sank, his hand, reaching blind-ly out to grip in imagination the foe, touched something round—like a ser-pent, or an eel. His fingers closed about it—it proved to be a line; he drew himself along, and to his sur-prise found himself again on the sur-face, and near a great fragment of wreckage. This he might have dis-covered earlier, but for the anger and hatred that had blinded him to all save the realization of his inability to wreak vengeance. Now, though he managed to reach the edge of the swaying mass from which the line dangled, he was too weak to draw himself up on the floating timbers. But he did pass a loop beneath his arms, and, thus sustained, he waited for his strength to return. Finally, his mind in a daze, the con-vict clambered, after repeated efforts, upon the wreckage, fastened the line about him again, and, falling into a saucer-like hollow, he sank into un-consciousness.

The night wore on; he did not move. The sea began to subside; still he lay as if dead. Dawn's rosy lips kissed away the black shadows, touched tend-erly the waves' tops, and at length the man stirred. He tried to sit up, but at first could not. Finally he raised himself and looked about him.

No other sign of the vessel than that part of it which had served him so well could he see; this fragment seem-ed rent from the bow; yes, there was the yellow wooden mermaid bobbing to the waves; but not as of old! Poor cast-out trollop—now the seas made sport of her who once had held her head so high!

The convict continued to gaze out over the ocean. Far away, a dark fringe broke the sealine—a suggestion of foli-age—an island, or a mirage? Tantaliz-ing, it lay like a shadow, illusive, un-attainable as the "forgotten isles." The man staggered to his feet; his gar-ments were torn; his hair hung over his brow. He shook his arms at the island;—this phantasy, this vain, empty vision, he regarded it now as some sav-age creature might a bone just out of its reach; from his lips vile words fell—to be suddenly hushed. Between him and what he gazed at, along the range of vision, an object on one of the pro-jecting timbers caught his eye. It was very small, but it gleamed like a spark sprung from the embers of the dawn.

"The dicky-bird!" His dried lips tried to laugh. "Ef it ain't the dicky-bird!" The bird looked at him. "Ef that doesn't beat—" but he could not think what it "beat." The bird cocked its head. "Ain't ye afeard o' me?" It gave a feeble chirp. "Well, I'm damned!" said the man, and after this mild ex-pression of his feelings, forgot to curse again. He even began to eye the is-land with a vague questioning wonder, as if asking himself what means might be thought of that would enable him to reach it; but the problem seemed to be beyond solution. The wreckage, like a great lump, lay supinely on the sur-face of the water; he could not hope to move it.

The day slowly passed; the sun dried his clothes; once or twice the bird made a sound—a plaintive little tone—and involuntarily the man moved with care, thinking not to frighten it. But caution in that regard seemed unneces-sary, for the bird appeared very tame and not at all averse to company.

Toward noon the man began to suf-fer more acutely from thirst, and draw-ing out a sailor's oilskin pouch, one of the few possessions he had been al-lowed by the police to retain, he took from it a piece of tobacco which he began to chew. At the same time he eyed the rest of the contents—half a ship's biscuit, some matches and a mar-iner's thimble. The biscuit he broke, and threw a few crumbs, where the timbers were dry, near the bird. For a long time it looked at the tiny white morsels; but finally, consuering shy-ness, hopped from its perch and tenta-tively approached the banquet. Hours went by; the man chewed; the bird pecked.

That night it rained in real, tropical earnest, and he made a water vessel of his shoe, drank many times, ate a few mouthfuls of biscuit, and then placed the filled receptacle where he had thrown the crumbs. As he did so he found himself wondering if the dawn would reveal his little feathered ship-mate or whether it had been swept away by the violence of the rain. The early shafts of day showed him the bird on its perch; it had apparently found shelter from the heavy down-pour beneath some out-jutting timber and seemed no worse for the experi-ence. The man's second glance was in the direction of the island; what he saw brought a sudden exclamation to his lips. The land certainly seemed much nearer; some current was sweep-ing them toward it slowly, but irre-sistibly. The 'Frisco Pet swore joyful-ly; his eyes shone. "I may do him yet!" he muttered. The bird chirped; he look-ed at it. "Breakfast, eh?" he said and tossed a few more crumbs near the shoe.

The second day on the floating bow, he brooded a great deal; the sharper pangs of hunger assailed him; he grew desperately impatient, the distance to the island decreased so gradually. A breeze from the coveted shore fanned his cheek; he fancied it held them back and fulminated against it—the benefi-cent current—the providential timbers! A feeling of blind helplessness follow-ed; the sun, beating down fiercely, made him light-headed. Hardly know-ing what he did, he drew forth the last little bit of the biscuit, ground it be-tween his teeth and greedily swallowed it. The act seemed to sober him; he raised his big hand to his brow and looked at "Dearie;" through the con-fusion of his thoughts he felt he had done some despicable thing.

"That weren't fair play, were it now?" he said, looking at the bird. "That ain't like a pal," he repeated. The bird remained silent; he fancied reproach in its bead-like eyes, they seemed to bore into him. "And you such a small chap, too!" he muttered; then he turned his back on the island, and, with head resting on his elbow, uttered no further complaint.

That second day on the raft seemed much longer than the first; the sec-ond night of infinitely greater dura-tion than the preceding one; but dawn revealed the island very near, so near, indeed, the bird made up its mind to try to reach it. It looked at the man for a moment and then flew away. Long he watched it, a little dark spot—now that he could no longer see the ruby on its breast! At length it was lost to sight; swallowed up by the green blur.

The small winged creature gone, the man missed it. "'Peared like 'twas glad to leave such a pal!" he thought re-gretfully. The floating timbers became well-night intolerable; he kept ask-ing himself if he could swim to land, but, knowing his weakness from long fasting, he curbed his impatience. His eyes grew tired with staring at the longed-for spot; he suffered the tor-ments of Tantalus, and finally could en-dure them no longer. So, making his clothes into a bundle, he tied them around his neck and slipped into the water.

Half an hour later found him, prone and exhausted, on the yellow sands. Nearby, tall and stately trees nodded at him; close at hand a great crab regarded him with reflective interest, hesitating between prudence and car-nivorous desire. Gluttonous inclina-tion to sample the goods the gods had provided prevailed over caution; it moved quickly forward, when what it had considered only an unexpected and welcome piece de resistance abruptly got up. The tables were turned; that which came to dine was dined upon; a crushing blow demonstrated the law of the survival of the fittest; the weak-er adorned the board. The man tore it to bits, ate it like the famished ani-mal he was. More freely his blood coursed; he looked around; saw other creatures and laughed. There seemed little occasion for anyone to starve here; the isle, a beautiful emerald on the breast of the sea, became a fair battle-ground; all he needed was a club, and he soon found that.

For a week nothing of moment in-terrupted the even tenor of his exist-ence; he led the life of a savage and found it to his liking, pounced upon turtles and cooked them, kept his fire going because he had but few matches. Lying before the blaze at night, near a little spring, he told himself that this was better than being behind prison bars; true, he lacked company, but he had known worse solitude—the "soli-tary." In it, he had lain on the hard stones; here he had soft moss. If only he could reach out and touch those he hated—the unknown enemy whose face had bent over him a fleeting in-stant ere he had struck his hand from the gunwale; Dandy Joe and the police agent—if only they, too, were here, the place would have been world enough for him. But then, he felt, the time for the reckoning must come—it lay somewhere in the certain future. Unconscious fatalist, he nourished the conviction as he nourished the coals of his fire.

Other means to enhance his phys-ical comfort chance afforded him; the fleshpots were supplemented with a beverage, stronger and more wel-come than that which bubbled and trickled so musically at his feet. One day a box was washed ashore; a mes-sage from the civilized centers to the field of primitive men! On its cover were the words, "Via sailing vessel, Lord Nelson," followed by the ad-dress. The convict pried the boards apart and gave a shout. Rum!—and plenty of it!—bottle after bottle, in an overcoat of straw, nestling lovingly one upon another. The man licked his lips; knocked off a neck, drank deep, and then, stopping many times, carried his treasure to his bower.

Day after day turned its page, merged into the past; sometimes, per-force, he got up, and, not a pleasant thing to look at, staggered to the beach with his club. There he would slay some crawling thing from the sea, return with his prize to mingle eating with drinking, until sated with both, he would fall back unconscious among the flowers. But the prolonged indul-gence began to have a marked effect on his store; bottle after bottle was tossed off; the empty shells flung aside to the daisies. At length the day came when only two bottles remained in the case, one full pair, sole survivors of the lot. The man took them out, set them up and regarded them; a sense of impending disaster, of imminent tragedy, shivered through his dulled consciousness. He reached for the bottles and fondled them, started to knock the head from one and put it down. Resisting desire, he told him-self he would have a look at the beach; the ocean had generously cast one box of well-primed bottles at his feet; perhaps it would repeat its hos-pitable action and make him once more the recipient of its bounty. The thought buoyed him to the shore; the sea lapped the sand with Lydian whis-pers, and there, beyond the edge of the soft singing ripples, he saw some-thing that made him rub his dazed eyes.

A box!—a big box!—a box as tall as he was! No paltry dozen or two this time! Perhaps there was whisky, too; and the bubbling stuff the long-necked lords had sometimes pressed upon him in the past, when he had "ousted" his man and put quids in their pockets; or some of that fiery vin—something he had once indulged in with a Johnny Frenchman before he took to the tun-nel, when he had been free to swagger through old Leicester Square. Any-how, he would soon find out, and, rushing through the water, he laid a proprietary hand on the box. But to his disappointment, he could not move it; strong though he was, its great weight defied him. Ingenuity came to his aid, for, after a moment's ponder-ing, he left the box to the sea and made his way back to the forest. When he returned he bore on his shoulder a straight, stout limb which he had wrenched from a tree, and in his hand he carried a great stone. The former became a lever, the latter, a fulcrum; and, by patient exercise of one of the simple principles of physics, he managed, at length, to transfer the large box from ocean to land.

To break it open was his next prob-lem, and no easy one, for the boards were thick, the nails many and for-midable. A long time he battered and battered in vain with his rocks, but, after an hour or so, he succeeded in splintering his way through the tough pine. His exertions did not end here; an inner sheeting of tin caused him to frown; more furiously he attacked this with sharp bits of coral, cutting and bruising his hands. Unmindful of pain, he was enabled at length to pull back a portion of the protecting metal and reveal the contents of the packing case. In his befuddled, half-crazed condition, he had thought only of bottles; what he found proved a differ-ent sort of merchandise.

Maddened, he tossed and scattered the contents of the box on the beach. The ocean had deceived him, laughed at him, cheated him. He turned from the shore unsteadily, walked back to his camp and knocked the neck from one of the two remaining bottles. A few hours later, sodden, sottish, he lay without motion, face to the sky. And as he breathed thickly, one bleed-ing hand still holding the empty bot-tle, a bird from an overhanging branch looked down upon him; a tiny bird, little bigger than his thumb, that carried a bright, beautiful spot of red on its breast, cocked its head ques-tioningly.

PART TWO.

CHAPTER I.

London, in the spring! Sunshine; the Thames agleam with silver ripples, singing as it flows; red sails! Joyous London that has emerged from fogs and basks beneath blue skies! Thor-oughfares that give forth a glad hum; wheels singing, too; whips that crack in sprightly arpeggios. On the streets people, not shadows, who walk with a swing; who really seem to breathe and not slink uncannily by! Eyes that re-gard you with human expression; faces that seem capable of emotion; figures adorned in keeping with the bright realities of the moment. Lon-don; old London young again; grimy, repulsive London now bright, shim-mering, beautiful!

In such a London, on such a day, about ten o'clock in the morning, three persons whose appearance distin-guished them from the ordinary pass-ers by, turned into a narrow thorough-fars not far from the Strand.

"Quite worth while going to hear John Steele conduct for his client, I assure you!" observed one, a tall, military-looking man who walked with a limp and carried a cane. "He's a new man, but he's making his mark. When he asked to be admitted to the English bar, he surprised even his ex-aminers. His summing-up in the Doughertie murder case was, I heard his lordship remark, one of the most masterly efforts he ever listened to. Just tore the circumstantial evidence to pieces and freed his man! Besides his profession at the bar, he is an un-usually gifted criminologist; takes a strong personal interest in the lowest riffraff; is writing a book, I under-stand—one of the kind that will throw a new light on the subject."

"Just what is a criminologist?" The speaker, a girl of about 18, turned as she lightly asked the question, to glance over her shoulder toward sev-eral persons who followed them.

"One who seeks to apply to the criminal the methods of psychology, psychiatry and anthropology," he an-swered with jesting impressiveness.

She laughed. "But you said this Mr. Steele comes from our part of the world, did you not, Captain For-sythe?"

"So I understand, Miss Jocelyn. Not much of a person to talk about him-self, don't you know"—tentatively stroking an imposing pair of mus-taches, tinged with gray—"but he has mentioned, I believe, living in New Zealand; or was it Australia?"

"Australia?" the cold, metallic tones of the third person, a man of about three-and-thirty, inquired. "Most likely the other place, or we should have heard—"

"True, Lord Ronsdale!" said the other man, pausing before a great door. "But here we are."

"'All ye who enter, etc.'" laughed the girl.

"Not if one comes just to 'do' it, you know," was the protesting answer. "Quite the thing to take in the crim-inal courts!"

"When one is only a sort of country cousin, a colonial, just come to town!" she added, waving a small, daintily gloved hand to the little group of friends who now approached and join-ed them. "Captain Forsythe is trying to persuade me it is a legitimate part of our slumming plan to take in mur-der trials, uncle," she said lightly, ad-dressing the foremost of the new-comers. "Just because it's a fad of his! Speaking of this acquaintance or friends of yours, Mr. Steele—you are something of a criminologist, too, are you not, Captain Forsythe?"

"Well, every man should have a hobby," returned that individual; "and, although I don't aspire to the long name you call me, I confess to a slight amateur interest."

Lord Ronsdale shrugged his shoul-ders, as to say, every one to his taste; but the girl laughed.

"Slight!" she repeated. "Would you believe it, aunt"—to a portly lady among those who had approached—"he never misses a murder trial! I be-lieve he likes to watch the poor fel-lows fighting for their lives, to study their faces, their expressions when they're being sentenced, perhaps to one of those horrible convict ships!"

"Don't speak of them, my dear Joce-lyn!" returned that worthy person, "When I think of the Lord Nelson and that awful night—"

"You were three days in an open boat before being sighted and picked up, I believe, Lady Wray?" observed Captain Forsythe.

"Three days? Years!" returned the governor's wife. "At least they seemed so to me! I thought every moment would be our last and good-ness knows why it wasn't! How we managed to survive it—"

"Narrow squeak, certainly!" said Lord Ronsdale, his lids lowering slightly. "But all's well that ends well, and—"

"Every one behaved splendidly," in-terposed Sir Charles. "You," gazing contemplatively at the girl, "were but a child then, Jocelyn."

She did not answer; the beautiful face had abruptly changed; all laugh-ter had gone from the clear blue eyes.

"She is thinking of the convict who saved her!" observed Sir Charles, in an explanatory tone to Captain For-sythe. "Quite and interesting episode, 'pon honor! Tell you about it later. Never saw anything finer or better. And the amazing part of it is, the fel-low looked like a brute, had the low, ignorant face of an ex-brusier. He'd gone to the bad, taken to drink, and committed I don't know how many crimes! Yet that man, the lowest of the low—"

"You must not speak of him that way!" The girl's hands were clasped; the slender, shapely figure was very straight. Her beautiful blue eyes, full of varying lights, flashed, then became dimmed; a suspicion of mist blurred the long, sweping lashes. "He had a big, noble sparkin his soul. And I think of him many, many times!" she re-peated, the sweet, gay lips trembling sensitively. "Brave fellow! Brave fel-low!" The words fell in a whisper.

"Fortunate fellow, I should say, to be so remembered by you, Miss Joce-lyn!" interposed Captain Forsythe. "Eh, Ronsdale?"

"Fortunate, indeed!" the thin lips replied stiffly.

"Pity he should have been drown-ed though!" Captain Forsythe went on. "He would, I am sure, have made a most interesting study in con-trasts!"

She, however, seemed not to hear either compliment—or comment, but stood for a moment as in a reverie. "I am almost sorry I was persuaded to come here today," she said at length, thoughtfully. "I don't believe I shall like courts, or," she added, "find them amusing!"

"Nonsense!" Sir Charles laughed. "I have heard his lordship has a pret-ty sense of humor, and never fails, when opportunity offers, to indulge it."

"Even when sentencing people?"

"Well, there is no need of turning the proceedings into a funeral."

"I don't believe I should laugh at his wit," said the girl. "And is this Mr. John Steele witty, too?"

"No, no! Anything irrelevant from anyone else wouldn't be allowed by his lordship."

Here Ronsdale lifted his hat. "May happen back this way," he observed. "That is," looking at Jocelyn Wray, "if you don't object?"

"I? Not at all! Of course, it would bore you—a trial! You are so easily bored. Is it the club?"

"No; another engagement. Thank you so much for permission to re-turn for you—very kind. Hope you will find it amusing. Good morning!" And Lord Ronsdale vanished down the narrow way.

The others of the party entered the court room and were shown to seats that Captain Forsythe had taken par-ticular pains to reserve for them. The case, evidently an interesting one to judge from the number of people present, was in progress as they quietly settled down in their chairs at the back. From the vantage point of a slight eminence they found them-selves afforded an excellent and un-impared view of his lordship, the jury, prisoner, witness and barristers. Pre-sumably the case had reached an acute stage, for even the judge ap-peared slightly mindful of what was going on, and allowed his glance to stray toward the witness. The latter, a little man, in cheap attire flashily debonnaire if the worse for long ser-vice, seemed to experience difficulty in speaking, to hesitate before his words, and, when he did answer, to betray in his tone no great amount of confidence. He looked weary and somewhat crestfallen, as if his will were being broken down, or subjected to a severe strain, the truth being ground out of him by some irresistib-le process.

"That's John Steele cross-examin-ing now!" Captain Forsythe whisper-to the girl. "And that's Dandy Joe, as he's called, one of the police spies, cheap race-track man and so on, in the box. He came to the front in a murder trial quite celebrated in its day, and one, I always had my own theory about. Not that it matters now!" he added with a sigh.

But the girl was listening to anoth-er voice, a clear voice, a quiet voice, a voice capable of the strongest vary-ing accents. She looked at the speak-er; he held himself with the assur-ance of one certain of his ground. His shoulders were straight and broad; he stood like an athlete, and, when he moved, it was impossible to be unconscious of a certain physical grace that came from well-trained muscles. He carried his head high, as from habit of thought, of looking up, not down, when he turned from the pages of the heavy tomes in his study; his face conveyed an impres-sion of intelligence and intensity; his eyes, dark, deep, searched fully those they rested on.

He had reached a point in his cross-examination where he had almost thoroughly discredited this witness for the prosecution, when turning toward a table to take up a paper, his glance, casually lifting, rested on the distin-guished party in the rear of the room, or rather it rested on one of them. Against the dark background, the girl's golden hair was well-calculated to catch the wandering gaze; the flowers in her hat, the great bunch of violets in her dress added insistent alluring bit of color in the dim spot where she sat. Erect as a lily stem, she looked oddly out of place in that large, sombre room; there, where the harsh requiem of bruised and broken lives unceasingly sounded, she seemed like some presence typical of spring, wafted thither by mistake. Suddenly he started, and his eyes almost eager-ly searched the lovely, proud face.

His back was turned to the judge, who stirred nervously, but waited a fraction of a second before he spoke.

"If the cross-examination is finish-ed—" he began.

John Steele wheeled; his face changed; a smile of singular charm accompanied his answer.

"Your lordship will pardon me; the human mind has its aberrations. At the moment, by a curious psycholo-gical turn, a feature of another prob-lem seized me; it was like playing two games of chess at once. Perhaps your honor has experienced the sen-sation?"

His lordship beamed. "Quite so," he observed unctuously. "I have to confess that once in a great while, although following a case very close-ly, I have found it possible to con-sider at the same time whether I would later have port or sherry with my canvasback."

Of course every one smiled; the business of the morning ran on, and John Steele, at length, concluded his cross-examination. "I think, your Lordship, the question of the relia-bility of this man, as a witness, in this, or—any other case—fully estab-lished."

"Any other case?" said his lord-ship. "We are not trying any other case."

"Not now, your Lordship." John Steele bowed. "I ask your lordship's indulgence for the"—an instant's iron-ical light gleaming from the dark eyes—"superfluity."

"Witness may go," said his lord-ship bruskly.

(To Be Continued.)

The Reason.

Washington Star.

"You mark all your compositions forte," said the friend.

"Yes," repited the composer. "They wouldn't have any vogue among people who live in flats if I had them played softly."

The Battle.

Judge.

First Sweet Young Thing—"We are starting the battle of life."

Second Sweet Young Thing—"Yes; and we don't know whether a divorce is a victory or a defeat."

An Explorer Corroborated

New York Times.

CAPT. BUSHICK was one of the most popular of the old-time commanders of the 'Big M' line of steamships sailing between New York and the far southern ports," said the southern merchant. "The captain's yarns were very interesting, too, though he sometimes strained the credulity of his listeners to the break-ing point, but the old man had been telling these remarkable tales for so many years that he believed them im-plicitly himself.

"On the last night out of New York we were gathered in the smoking room as usual and the old captain outdid himself in story telling. Finally he told us a most wonderful story of an experience he had had when he was a cabin boy on an arctic whaler.

"It was to the effect that the ship he was on had passed close to an iceberg, and upon the lookout reporting a strange-looking animal upon it the captain, thinking it might be a seal, had sent the mate in a small boat to investigate and capture it. When the mate landed on the iceberg he found the object which the lookout had seen was not a seal but a man dressed in sealskins, almost frozen and in a fam-ished condition.

"This man, when taken aboard ship and thawed out, had told a harrowing story, and had proved it, of how he was the only survivor of a sealing ves-sel which had been wrecked among the icebergs the previous year and how he had been floating about on the iceberg ever since, with nothing to eat but frozen gull eggs and nothing to drink but melted ice. The old captain told the story in his best manner, elab-orating all the little impossible details of the man's terrible sufferings and privations, and expatiating upon the miraculousness of his preservation.

"'Think of it, gentlemen,' the old man said, in conclusion. 'This man was nearly two years adrift on the iceberg, with nothing to eat but frozen eggs, nothing to wear but the sealskins he had saved, when his ship went down. Think of it, gentlemen, and ponder on the mysterious ways of Providence.'

"This story was the last straw that broke the camel's back; it was too much even for this friendly audience, and when the captain finished there was a dead silence. This rather net-tled the old man, and he said, rather angrily:

"'Perhaps some of you, gentlemen, don't believe that story.'

"'I believe it, captain,' spoke up an old missionary, who, according to his habit had been sitting alone in a cor-ner reading. 'I believe the story, cap-tain, and I not only believe it, but I know it to be true.'

"'How on earth, do you know it to be true?' demanded the captain, drop-ping his cigar in his surprise.

"'Because, captain,' returned the solemn-looking old clergyman, 'I was the man on the iceberg.'

"The captain gasped, rose to his feet, made the misisonary a low bow, and went out on deck. We didn't see him again that night."

THE GOOSE GIRL

A Romantic Story By HAROLD MacGRATH

Author of The Man on the Box, The Lure of the Mask, etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"I infer nothing. Now and then there happens strange leakage in the duke's affairs. The man is well paid. He is a gambler, and one is always reasonably certain that the gambler will be wanting money. Do you begin to understand me, or must I be more explicit?"

"Who are you?"

"Who I am is of no present conse-quence. But I know who and what you are. That is all-sufficient. If you behave yourself in the future, you will be allowed to continue in pros-perity. But if you attempt to molest that girl again and I hear of it, there will be no more gold coming over the frontier from Jugendheit. Now, do you understand?"

"Yes." The colonel experienced a weakness in the knees.

"Go. But be advised and walk cir-cumspectly." The speaker showed his back insolently, and re-entered the Black Eagle.

The colonel, pale and distrait, star-ed at the empty door; and he saw in his mind's eye a squad of soldiers, a wall, a single volley, and a dishonor-ed roll of earth. Military informers were given short shrift. It was not a matter of tearing off orders and buttons; it was death. Who was this terrible old man, with the mind of a serpent and the strength of a bear? The colonel went to the barracks, but his usual debonair was missing.

"I am going into the garden, Gretch-en. Bring me a stein of brown." The mountaineer smiled genially.

"But I am not working here any more," said Gretchen.

"No?"

"She has had a fortune left her," said Frau Bauer.

"Well, well." The mountaineer seem-ed vastly pleased. "And how much is this fortune?"

"Two thousand crowns." Gretchen was not sure, but to her there always seemed to be a secret laughter behind those clear eyes.

"Handsome! And what will you do now?"

"She is to study for the opera."

"Did I not prophesy it?" he cried, jubilantly. "Did I not say that some impresario would discover you and make your fortune?"

"There is plenty of work ahead," said Gretchen, sagely.

"Always, no matter what we strive for. But a brave heart and a cheerful smile carry you half-way up the hill. Where were you going when this pop-injay stopped you?"

"I was going to the clock-mender's for a clock he is repairing."

"I've nothing to do. I'll go with you. I've an idea that I should like to talk with you about a very imporant mat-ter. Perhaps it would be easier to talk first and then go for the clock. If you have it you'll be watching it. Will you come into the garden with me now?"

"Yes, Herr." Gretchen would have gone anywhere with this strange man. He inspired confidence.

The garden was a snug little place; a few peach trees and arbor vines and vegetables, and tables and chairs on the brick walk.

"So you are going to become a prima donna?" he began, seating him-self opposite her.

"I am going to try," she smiled. "What is it you wish to say to me?"

"I am wondering how to begin," looking at the blue sky.

"Is it difficult?"

"Yes, very."

"Then why bother?"

"Some things are written before we are born. And I must, in the order of things, read this writing to you."

"Begin," said Gretchen.

"Have you any dreams?"

"Yes," vaguely.

"I mean the kind one has in the daytime, the dreams when the eyes are wide open."

"Oh, yes!"

"Who has not dreamed of riding in carriages, of dressing in silks, of wearing rich ornaments?"

"Ah!" Gretchen clasped her hands and leaned on her elbows. "And there are palaces, too."

"To be sure." There was a long pause. "How would you like a dream of this kind to come true?"

"Do they ever come true?"

"In this particular case, I am a fairy. I know that I do not look it; still I am. With one touch of my wand—this oak staff—I can bring you all these things you have dreamed about."

"But what would I do with carriages and jewels? I am only a goose-girl, and I am to be married."

"To that young rascal of a vintner?"

"He is not a rascal!" loyally.

"It will take but little to make him one," with an odd grimness.

Gretchen did not understand.

He resumed. "How would you like a little palace, with servants at your beck and call, with carriages to ride in, with silks and velvets to wear, and jewels to adorn your hair? How would you like these things? Eh? Never again to worry about your hands, never again to know the wear-iness of toil, to be mistress of swans instead of geese?"

A shadow fell upon Gretchen's face; the eagerness died out of her eyes.

"I do not understand you, Herr. By what right should I possess these things?"

"By the supreme right of beauty, beauty alone."

"Would it be—honest?"

For the first time he lowered his eyes. The clear crystal spirit in hers embarrassed him.

"Come, let us go for your clock," he said, rising. "I am an old fool. I forgot that one talks like this only to opera dancers."

Then Gretchen understood. "I am all alone," she said; "I have had to fight my battles with these two hands."

"I am a black devil, kindchen. For-get what I have said. You are worthy the brightest crown in Europe; but you wear a better one than that—goodness. If any one should ever make you unhappy, come to me. I will be your godfather. Will you for-give an old man who ought to have known better?"

There was such unmistakable hon-esty in his face and eyes that she did not hesitate, but placed her hand in his.

"Why did you ask all those ques-tions?" she inquired.

"Perhaps it was only to test your strength. You are a brave and hon-est girl."

"And if trouble came," now smiling, "where should I find you?"

"I shall be near when it comes. Good fairies are always close at hand." He swept his hat from his head; ease and grace were in the movement; no irony, nothing but respect. "And do you love this vintner?"

"With all my heart."

"And he loves you?"

"Yes. His lips might lie, but not his eyes and the touch of his hand."

"So much the worse!" said the mountaineer inaudibly.

Gretchen had gone home with her clock; but Herr Ludwig, as the moun-taineer called himself, tarried in the dim and dusty shop. Clocks, old and new, broken and whole, clocks from the four ends of the world; and watches, thick and clumsy, thin and graceful, of gold and silver and pew-ter.

"Is there anything you want?" asked the clock-mender.

Herr Ludwig turned. How old this clock-mender was, how very old!

"Yes," he said. "I've a watch I should like you to look over." And he carelessly laid the beautiful time-piece on the worn wooden counter.

The clock-mender literally pounced upon it. "Where did you get a watch like this?" he demanded suspiciously.

"It is mine. You will find my name engraved inside the back lid."

The clock-mender pried open the case, adjusted his glass—and dropped it, shaking with terror.

"You?" he whispered.

"Sh!" said Herr Ludwig, putting a finger to his lips.

CHAPTER XIV.

Find the Woman.

The watch, slipping from the clock-mender's hand, spun like a coin on the counter, while the clock-mender him-self, his eyes bulging, his jaw dangling, it might be said, staggered back upon his stool.

"So this is the end?" he said in a kind of mutter.

"The end of what?" demanded the owner of the watch.

"Of all my labors, to me and to what little I have left!"

"Fiddlesticks! I am here for no purpose regarding you, my comrade. So far as I am concerned, your secret

OIL FOR CENTURIES

THE man who has made the larg-est fortune in the world by dominating the petroleum in-dustry in the country where it is rich-est and most extensive, has said, on the witness stand and elsewhere, that the oil business was hazardous in its very nature. He has declared that it could not be otherwise, in view of the precarious foundation upon which it rests in respect to supplies of raw ma-terial.

This is reasonable enough. In the-ory it is entirely sound, for oil fields do not last long, as a general rule, and it is never quite certain that those which become exhausted can be re-placed, for industrial purposes, by new-ly discovered deposits of petroleum.

When the mind contemplates the slow processes whereby nature ex-tracts this natural fuel and lubricant from organic matter long buried be-neath the surface of the earth, it seems a lamentable thing that such stores of natural wealth should be used up and done away with forever. The replac-ing of oil burned or otherwise utilized is perceived to be hopelessly slow and uncertain for all human purposes.

Yet in the light of past experience, here and in other parts of the world, it is at least an even chance that there will be much petroleum consum-ed centuries hence. The older the oil business grows the less likely it seems to be snuffed out for lack of raw ma-terial.

The extreme life of oil fields in this country cannot yet be determined, be-cause a good deal of oil is still being pumped from wells close to the famous "gushers" of the early days of the pe-troleum industry. Half a century is surely too low a limit to place upon the possible productiveness of a great oil district.

The Caspian Sea region, in the Rus-sian territory south of the Caucasus Mountains, has yielded petroleum and natural gas, in greater or less quantities, for thousands of years, though the wells which really count in the yield of oil date back only a few decades. On the other hand, the immense output of this Baku field promises to go on indefinitely.

And now the petroleum-producing countries multiply and the indications are very favorable to the development of enormous oil fields in parts of the earth entirely ignored by those who un-dertook to set a definite period, long ago, upon the life of the petroleum in-dustry.

In this country the immense success of the oil pioneers in California, Texas and Kansas within the last few years justifies the hope that great oil fields may be discovered in many other states hitherto out of the reckoning of all experts. It would be rash to attempt to say that almost any part of the United States not yet tested throughly can never prove rich in petroleum.

Mexico has enough big oil wells to show that some of the very largest petroleum fields in the world are like-ly to be developed in that country. What has happened in Mexico may take place in many parts of South America. In the New World alone the possibilities of the oil industry run on into the distant future, perhaps for centuries, on a very large scale.

In Asia the conditions are quite as promising for long life for the oil busi-ness. Aside from the wonderful stay-ing capacity of the Caspian Sea fields and the importance of the petroleum deposits already utilized in

New Invention!

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THE NEW HOME VACUUM CLEANER

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Operated by child or weakly woman. Air is drawn through body and fibre of carpet at terrific speed. Carries all dust, dirt, grit, germs, etc., into the Cleaner. No dust in room, it all goes into Cleaner. Supercedes broom, brush, sweeper, dust pan and dust cloth. Cleans without sweeping. Raises no dust. Keeps house clean, does away with house-cleaning. Portable, dustless, always ready. Adapted to every home—rich or poor—city, village or country. Does same work as expensive machines. Costs nothing to operate—costs nothing for repairs. Light, neat, well and durably made—should last a life time. Saves time, labor, carpets, curtains, furniture. Saves drudgery, saves health, saves money. Saves taking up and beating carpets. The New Home Cleaner is truly a wonder. Astonishes everybody; customers all delighted and praise it. They wonder how they ever did without it.

Lady had matting too old to take up—New Home Cleaner saved it—Cleaned it on floor.

Others write: "Would not do without it for many times its cost." Another says "Ten year old girl keeps everything clean."

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Another: "Never had house so clean." Another "Carpets and rugs so clean baby can play without getting dust and germs." Another: "It works so easy; just slide nozzle over carpet, it draws all the dirt into the Cleaner—not a particle of dust raised." So they run, hundreds and thousands of letters praising, without a complaint. To try a New Home Cleaner means to want it—then keep it. The size is right—weight is right—price is right. Simple, neat, handsome, durable and easily operated. All put together ready for use when you receive it.

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FREE SAMPLE FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.

Agents make money easy, quick, sure. Spare or all time. Men or women. Experience unnecessary. $50 to $180 per week. W. B. Morgan, Pa., "Sent 60 Cleaners at once. Sold 32 so far this week, making 75 in 9 days." "Sold 5 Vacuum Cleaners last Saturday—my first attempt." So it goes all along the line—These reports are not uncommon. Sales easy, profits big, generous. Show one in operation. People want it, must have it; when they see it they buy. How they sell! Show 10 families, sell 9. Write today. Send postal card for full description and agent's plan. Name choice of territory at once.

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1142 Alms Bldg. Cincinnati, Ohio.

is as dead as it ever was. I had a fancy that you were living in Paris."

"Paris! Gott! For seventeen, eighteen years I have traveled hither and thither, always on some false clue. Never a band of gipsies I heard of that I did not seek them out. Nothing, nothing! You will never know what I have gone through, and uselessly, to prove my innocence. It always comes back in a circle; what benefit to me would have been a crime like that of which I was accused? Was I not high in honor? Was I not wealthy? Was not my home life a happy one? What benefit to me, I say?" a growing fierceness in his voice and gestures. "All my estates confiscated, my wife dead of shame, and I molding among these clocks!"

"But why the clocks?" in wonder.

"It was a pastime of mine when I was a boy. I used to be tinkering among all the clocks in the house. So I bought out this old shop. From time to time I have left it in the hands of an assistant. The grand duke has a wonderful Friesian clock. One day it fell out of order, and the court jeweler could do nothing with it. I was summoned, I! No one recognized me, I have changed so. I mended the clock and went away."

"But what is the use of all this, now that her highness is found?"

"My honor; to the duke it is black as ever."

"Have you gone forward any?"

"Like Sisyphus! I had begun to give up hope, when the gipsy I was seeking was seen by one of my agents. He alone knows the secret. And I am waiting, waiting. But you believe, Ludwig?"

"Carl, you are as innocent of it all as I am or as my brother was. Come with me to Jugendheit."

"No, Ludwig, this is my country, however unjustly it has treated me."

"Yes, yes. And to think that you and I and the grand duke were comrades at Heidelberg! But if your gipsy fails you?"

"Still I shall remain. This will be all I shall have, these clocks. I am only 68, yet no one would believe me under 80. I no longer gaze into mirrors. I have forgotten how I look. There were letters found in my desk, all forgeries, I knew, but so cleverly done I could only deny. I saw that my case was hopeless, so I fled to Paris. I wrote Harbeck once while there. He believed that I was innocent. I have his letter yet. He has a great heart, Ludwig, and he has done splendid work for Ehrenstein."

"He keeps a steady hand on the duke."

"But you, what are you doing in Dreiberg, in this guise?"

Herr Ludwig sat upon the counter and clasped a knee. "Do you care for fairy stories?"

"Sometimes."

"Well, once upon a time there lived a king. He was young. He had an uncle who watched over him and his affairs. They call such uncles prince regents. This prince regent had an idea regarding the future welfare of this nephew. He would bring him up to be a man, well educated, broad-minded, and clean-lived. He should have a pilot to guide him past the traps and vices which befall the young. Time wore on. The lad grew up, clean in mind, strong in body, liberal; a fine prince. No scandalous entanglements; no gaming; no wine-bibbing beyond what any decent man may do. In his palace few saw anything of him after his fifteenth year. He went into the world under an assumed name. By and by he came home, quietly. His uncle was proud of him, for his eye was clear and his tongue was clean. In one month he was to be coronated. And now what do you think? He must have one more adventure, just one. Would his uncle go with him? Certainly not. Moreover, the time for adventure was over. He must no longer wander about; he was a king; he must put his hand to king-craft. And one morning his uncle found him gone, gone as completely as if he had never existed. What to do? Ah! The prince regent set it going that his majesty had gone a-hunting in Bavaria. Then the prince regent put on some old clothes and went a-venturing himself."

"And the end?"

"God knows!" said Ludwig, sliding off the counter.

Nothing but the ticking of the clocks was heard.

"And fatuous fool that this uncle was, he committed an almost irreparable blunder. He tried to marry his nephew."

"I understand. But if you are discovered here?"

"That is not likely."

"Ah, Ludwig, it is not the expected that always happens. Be careful; you know the full wording of Herbeck's treaty."

"Herbeck; there's a man," said Herr Ludwig admiringly. "To have found her highness as he did!"

"He is lucky," but without resentment.

The other picked up his watch. "Can I be of material assistance?"

"I want nothing," haughtily.

"Proud old imbecile!" replied the mountaineer kindly. "You have been deeply wronged, but some day you will pick up the thread in the labyrinth, and there will be light forward. I myself shall see what can be done with the duke."

"He will never be brought to reason unless indubitable evidence of my innocence confronts him. With the restoration of the princess fifty political prisoners were given their liberty and restored to citizenship. The place once occupied by my name is still blank, obliterated. It is hard. I have given the best of my heart and of my brain to Ehrenstein—for this! I am innocent."

"I believe you, Carl. Remember, Jugedheit will always welcome you. I must be going. I have much to do between now and midnight. The good God will unravel the snarl."

"Or forget it," cynically. "Good-by, Ludwig."

There was a hand-clasp, and the mountaineer took himself off. The clock-mender philosophically reached for his tools. He had wasted time enough over retrospection; he determined to occupy himself with the present only. Tick-tock! tick-tock! sang the clocks about him. All at once a volume of musical sounds broke forth; cuckoo-calls, chimes, tinkles light and thin, booms deep and vibrant. But the clock-mender bent over his work; all he was conscious of was the eternal tick-tock! tick-tock! on and on, without cessation.

* * * * * * *

Carmichael walked his horse. This morning he had ridden out almost to the frontier and was now on his return. As he passed through the last grove of pines and came into the clearing the picture was exquisite; the three majestic bergs of ice and snow above Dreiberg, the city shining white and fairylike in the mid-morning's sun, and the long, half-circling ribbon of a road. He sighed, and the horse cocked his ears at the sound.

No longer did Carmichael take the south pass for his morning rides. That was the favored going of her highness, and he avoided her now. In truth, he dared not meet her now; it would have been out of wisdom. So long as she had been free his presence had caused no comment, only tolerant amusement among the nobles at court. It chafed him to be regarded as a harmless individual, for he knew that he was far from being in that class. There was a wild strain in him. Dreiberg might have waked up some fine morning to learn that for a second time her princess had been stolen, and that there was a vacancy in the American consulate. How many times had he been seized with the mad desire to snatch the bridle of her horse and ride away with her into a far country! How often had his arms started out toward her, only to drop stiffly to his sides!

March hares! They were Solons as compared with his own futile madness. But it was different now. She was to marry the king of Jugendheit; it was in the order of things that he ride alone. He knew that court etiquette demanded the isolation of the Princess Hildegarde from male escort other than that formally provided. The two soldiers detailed to act as her grooms or bodyguards were not, of course, to be considered. So, of the morning, he went down to the militafy field to watch the maneuvers, which were drawing to a close; or rode out to the frontier, or took the side road to Eissen, where the summer palaces were. But it was all dreary; the zest of living had somehow dropped out of things.

The road to Eissen began about six miles north of the base of the Dreiberg mountain. It swerved to the east. As Carmichael reached the fork his horse began to limp. He jumped down and removed the stone. It was then that he heard the far-off mutter of hoofs. Coming along the road from Eissen were a trio of riders. Carmichael laughed weakly.

"I swear to Heaven that this is no fault of mine!"

Should he mount and be off before she made the turn? Bah! It was an accident; he would make the most of it. The bodyguard could easily vindicate him, in any event. He remounted and waited.

She came in full flight, rosy, radiant, as lovely as Diana. Carmichael swung his cap boyishly; and there was a swirl of dust as she drew up.

"Good morning, Herr Carmichael!"

"Good morning, your Highness!"

"Which way have you been riding?"

"Toward Jugendheit."

"And you are returning?" With a short nod of her head she signaled for the two soldiers to fall back.

The two looked at each other embarrassedly.

"Pardon, Highness," said one of them, "but the orders of the duke will not permit us to leave you. There have been thieves along the road of late."

Thieves? This was the first time Carmichael had heard of it. The real significance of the maneuver escaped him; but her highness was not fooled.

"Very well," she replied. "One of you ride forward and one of you take the rear." Then she spoke to Carmichael in English.

The soldiers shrugged. To them it did not matter what language her highness adopted so long as they obeyed the letter of the duke's instructions. The little cavalcade directed its course toward the city.

"You have not been riding of late," she said.

Then she had missed him. Carmichael's heart expanded. To be missed is to be regretted, and one regrets only those in whom one is interested.

"I have ridden the same as usual, your Highness; only I have taken this road for a change."

"Ah!" She patted the glistening neck of her mare. So he had purposely tried to avoid her? Why? She stole a sly glance at him. Why were not kings molded in this form? All the kings she had met had something the matter with them, crooked legs, weak eyes, bald, young or old, and daft over gaming tables and opera dancers. And the one man among them all—at least she had been informed that the king of Jugendheit was all of a man—had politely declined. There was some chagrin in this for her, but no bitterness or rancor. In truth she was more chagrined on her father's account than on her own.

"You should have taken the south pass. It was lovely yesterday."

"Perhaps this way has been the wisest."

"Are you afraid of me?" archly.

"Yes, your Highness." If he had looked at her instead of his horse's ears, and smiled, all would have been well.

She instantly regretted the question. "I am sorry I have become an ogress."

"To me your Highness is the most perfect of women. I am guilty of lese-majesty."

"I shall not lock you up," she said, and added under her breath, "as my good father would like to! Besides," she continued aloud, "I rather like to set the court by the ears. Who ever heard of a serene highness doing the things I do? I suppose it is because I have known years of freedom, freedom of action, of thought, of speech. These habits can not change at once. In fact, I do not believe they ever will. But the duke, my father, is good; he understands and trusts me. Ah, but I shall lead some king a merry life!" with a wicked gleam in her eyes.

"Frederick of Jugendheit?"

"Is it true that you have not heard yet? I have declined the honor."

"Your Highness?"

"My serene Highness," with a smile. "This, of course, is as yet a state secret; and my reason for telling you is not a princess', but a woman's. Solve it if you can."

Carmichael fumbled the reins blindly. "They say that he is a handsome young man."

"What has that to do with it? The interest he takes in his kingdom is positively negative. I have learned that he has been to his capital but twice since he was fifteen. He is even now absent on a hunting trip in Bavaria, and his coronation but a few days off. There will be only one king in Jugendheit, and that will be the prince regent."

"He has done tolerably well up to the present," observed Carmichael, welcoming this change. "Jugendheit is prosperous; it has a splendid army. The prince regent is a fine type of man, they say, rugged, patient, frugal and sensible."

"There is an instance where he made a cruel blunder."

"No man is infallible," said he, wondering what this blunder was.

"I suppose not. Look! The artillery is firing."

Boom-boom! They saw the smoke leap from the muzzles of the cannon, and it seemed minutes before the sound reached them.

"I have a fine country, too, she said; "prosperous, and an army not inferior to that of Jugendheit."

"I was not making comparisons, your Highness."

"I know that, my friend. I was simply speaking from the heart. But I doubt if the prince regent is a better man than our Herbeck."

"I prefer Herbeck, never having met the prince regent. But I have some news for your Highness."

"News for me?"

"Yes. I am about to ask for my recall," he said, the idea having come into his mind at that precise moment.

"Your recall?"

Had he been looking at her he would have noticed that the color on her cheeks had gone a shade lighter.

"Yes."

"Is not this sudden? It is not very complimentary to Ehrenstein."

"The happiest days of my life have been spent here."

"Then why seek to be recalled?"

"I am essentially a man of action, your Highness. I am growing dull and stupid amid these charming pleasures. Action; I have always been mixed up in some trouble or other. Here it is a round of pleasure from day to day. I long for buffets. I am wicked enough to wish for war."

"Cherchez la femme!" she cried. "There is a woman?"

"Oh, yes!" recklessly.

"Then go to her, my friend, go to her." And she waved her crop over his head as in benediction. "Some day, before you go, I shall ask you all about her." Ah, as if she did not know! But half the charm of life is in playing with hidden dangers.

He did not speak, but caught up the reins firmly. She touched her mare on the flank, and the four began trotting, a pace which they maintained as far as the military field. Here they paused, for the scene was animated and full of color. Squadrons of cavalry raced across the field; infantry closed in or deployed; artillery rumbled, wheeled, stopped, unlimbered. Bang-bang! The earth shivered and rocked. Guerdons were flying, bugles were blowing and sabres were flashing.

"It is beautiful," she cried, "this mimic war."

"May your Highness never see aught else!" he replied fervently.

"Yes, yes; you have seen it divested of all its pomp. You have seen it in all its cruelty and horror."

"I have known even the terror of it."

"You were afraid?"

"Many times."

She laughed. It is only the coward who denies fear.

He would certainly ask for his recall or transfer. He was eating his heart out here in Dreiberg.

They began the incline. She did most of the talking, brightly and gaily; but his ears were dull, for the undercurrent passed by him. He was, for the first time, impressed with the fact that the young ladies of the court never accompanied her on her morning rides. There were frequent afternoon excursions, when several ladies and gentlemen rode with her highness, but in the mornings, never.

"Will you return to America?" she queried.

"I shall idle in Paris for a while. I have an idea that there will be war one of these days."

"And which side will you take?"

"I should be a traitor if I fought for France; I should be an ingrate of I fought against her. I should be a spectator, a neutral."

"That would expose you to danger without the right to strike a blow in defense."

"If I were hurt it would be but an accident. War correspondents would run a hundred more risks than I. Oh, I should be careful; I know war too well not to be."

"All this is strange talk for a man who is a confessed lover."

"Pardon me!" his eyes rather empty. "Why, you tell me there is a woman; and all your talk is about war and danger. These are opposites; please explain."

"There is a woman, but she will not hinder me in any way. She will, in fact, know nothing about it."

"You are a strange lover. I never read anything like you in story books. Forgive me! I am thoughtless. The subject may be painful to you."

The horses began to pull. Under normal circumstances Carmichael would not have dismounted, but his horse had carried him many miles that morning and he was a merciful rider. In the war days often had his life depended upon his care of his horse.

"You have been riding hard?"

"No, only far."

"I do not believe there is a finer horseman in all Ehrenstein than yourself."

"Your highness is very good to say that." Why had he not gone on instead of waiting at the fork?

Within a few hundred yards of the gates he mounted again. And then he saw a lonely figure sitting on the parapet. He would have recognized that square form anywhere. And he welcomed the sight of it.

"Your Highness, do you see that man yonder, on the parapet? We fought in the same cavalry. He is covered with scars. Not one man in a thousand would have gone through what he did and lived."

"Is he an American?"

"By adoption. And may I ask a favor of your highness?"

"Two!" merrily.

"May I present him. It will be the joy of his life."

"Certainly. All brave men interest me."

Grumbach rose up, uncovered, thinking that the riders were going to pass him. But to his surprise his friend Carmichael stopped his horse and beckoned to him.

"Herr Grumbach," said Carmichael, "her serene highness desires me to present you."

Hans was stricken dumb. He knew of no greater honor.

"Mr. Carmichael," she said in English, "tells me that you fought with him in the American war?"

"Yes, Highness."

She plied him with a number of questions; how many battles they had fought in, how many times they had been wounded, how they lived in camp, and so forth; and which was the more powerful engine of war, the infantry or the cavalry.

"The cavalry, Highness," said Hans, without hesitation.

She laughed. "If you had been a foot-soldier, you would have said the infantry; of the artillery, you would have sworn by the cannon."

"That is true, Highness. The three arms are necessary, but there is ever the individual pride in the arm one serves in."

"And that is right. You speak good English," she remarked.

"I have lived more than 16 years in America, Highness."

"Do you like it there?"

"It is a great country, full of great ideas and great men, Highness."

"And you will go back?"

"Soon, Highness."

The mare, knowing that this was the way home, grew restive and began prancing and pawing the road. She reined in quickly. As she did so, something yellow flashed downward and tinkled as it struck the ground. Grumbach hastened formard.

"My locket," said her highness anxiously.

"It is not broken, Highness," said Grumbach; "only the chain has come apart." Then he handed it to her gravely.

"Thank you!" Her highness put both chain and locket into a small purse which she carried in her belt, touched the mare, and sped up the road, Carmichael following.

Grumbach returned to the parapet. He followed them till they passed out of sight beyond the gates.

"Gott!" he murmured.

His face was as livid as the scar on his head.

(To Be Continued.)

LOOK FOR THE WINCHESTER

WHEN BUYING Rifle or Pistol Cartridges.

Winchester Cartridges—the Red W Brand—are sure fire and accurate. In Winchester and other makes of guns they always give the best results and results are what count. They cost a few cents more than inferior makes, but they are dollars better.

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

DO NOT EXPOSE MANURE

Manure loses heavily through leaching when exposed to the weather. Through fermentation it loses only in quantity and in nitrogen, but through leaching it loses not only in quantity and nitrogen, but in the mineral elements as well. Careful experiments at Cornell university indicate that horse manure exposed to the elements for six months will lose at least noe-half of its fertilizing constituents. The Kansas experiment station found that in the same length of time fully one-half of the gross manure and 40 per cent of the nitrogen were lost. The New Jersey station found that ordinary manure exposed to leaching for 109 days lost 38 per cent of its nitrogen, 52 per cent of phosphorus and 47 per cent of its potassium. Other careful experiments have shown that manure exposed to the weather for several months not only loses largely in amount, but that it is not worth nearly as much, ton for ton, as when fresh. There are several ways to preserve manure from loss. One way is to keep it under shed and thoroughly tramped to exclude the air, using plenty of bedding to absorb the liquid and keep the animals clean. Another way is to pile the manure in a pit and keep it thoroughly wet. This will exclude the air and keep the carbon dioxide. Under these conditions the bacteria cannot develop and fermentation cannot take place.

KEEP BOOKS ON THE FARM

We have kept farm records since 1895; can show in any year during that time the number of bushels of grain, head of live stock, pounds of butter, number of fowls, dozens of eggs, etc., sold or bought, to whom sold, and the date; also expenses of various kinds, such as groceries, clothing, hired help, taxes, interest, insurance and all sundry items. Our method is simple. A pencil and memorandum book will keep the transactions. We then transfer them to a farmers' account book designed for that purpose. We also keep a bank check book for convenience and safety. At the end of each year we take an inventory showing our resources and liabilities.—F. A. Thomas.

HARD TO PLEASE

Regarding the Morning Cup.

"Oh, how hard it was to part with coffee, but the continued trouble with constipation and belching was such that I finally brought myself to leave it off.

"Then the question was, what should we use for the morning drink? Tea was worse for us than coffee; chocolate and cocoa were soon tired of; milk was not liked very well, and hot water we could not endure.

"About two years ago we struck upon Postum and have never been without it since.

"We have seven children. Our baby now eighteen months old would not "I use about two-thirds Postum and found she liked it and it agreed with her perfectly. She is today, and has been, one of the healthiest babies in the State.

"I use about two-thirds Postum and one-third milk and a teaspoon of sugar, and put it into her bottle. If you could have seen her eyes sparkle and hear her say 'good' today when I gave it to her, you would believe me that she likes it.

"If I was matron of an infants' home, every child would be raised on Postum. Many of my friends say, 'You are looking so well!' I reply, 'I am well; I drink Postum. I have no more trouble with constipation, and know that I owe my good health to God and Postum.'

"I am writing this letter because I want to tell you how much good Postum has done us, but if you knew how I shrink from publicity you would not publish this letter, at least not over my name."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

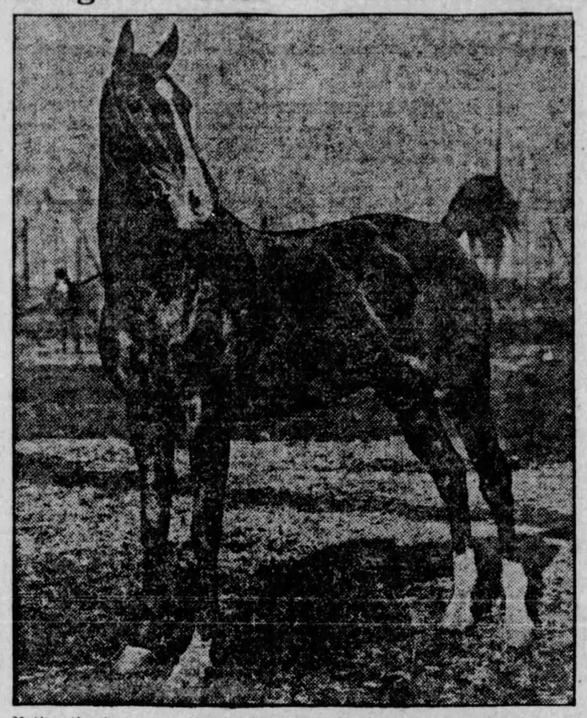
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

KIRO CURES FITS

Even worst cases cured to stay cured. No alcohol or dangerous drugs. Positively harmless. The fits will stop at once. To prove that epilepsy can positively be cured, we will send any sufferer a full two weeks' treatment Free upon receipt of 10c to help pay postage, packing, etc. You will feel better right away. Say how long you have been sick and write today. Kiro Remedy Co., 254 Detroit st., Flint, Mich.

THE FARMSTEAD

Things to Know About Horses



Notice the keen eye, the intelligent expression, proud bearing and evidence of enduring qualities possessed by the horse shown above. Those characteristics were not brought about by accident, but they are the realization of an ideal set by some one who especially admires in horses the qualities mentioned. Careful selection can accomplish most anything in breeding, but it must be continued over a long period of time. Never under any circumstances use a cross-bred animal for breeding purposes if it can be avoided. Disappointment will surely follow, even though the sire himself may possess all desirable qualities. Wisconsin, through the effort of Dr. A. S. Alexander, of the University of Wisconsin, passed laws making it unlawful to keep stallions for public service unless free from defects which will be transmitted to their offspring. This will result in the betterment of horses in that state and in other corn-belt states which have followed Wisconsin's example. You cannot get a high-class colt from scrub parents.

By F. R. Marshall,
Professor of Animal Husbandry,
Ohio State University.

It is almost impossible to imagine that people could live without horses. Certainly living in a horseless world would be a sorry experience in contrast to our present enjoyment of comforts and conveniences.

In the United States there are about one-quarter as many horses as people. Three-quarters of these horses are on farms, although, of course, there are in the country a great many colts that are to be sold or go to the cities. To the horses that do the work on the farms we are indebted for they reduction of most of what we eat. If we live in the city, even though we do not keep horses of our own, we are dependent upon those of the groceryman and the coal dealer to bring us the necessities of life. Who has not noticed the butcher's boy jerking and whipping his poor, thin horse in order to avoid the scolding he knows he will receive if the housekeeper does not receive the meat by the proper time?

Different kinds of work require different kinds of horses. A horse is of no particular value except for what he can do. To fulfill his mission he must travel. If he can draw a buggy containing one or two persons at the rate of 10 miles an hour he is valuable as a roadster. Another horse that can draw his share of a load weighing upward of a ton, even though he moves slowly, performs an equal amount of actual work and is just as useful to his owner as is the roadster. Since all horses are valuable because they travel, although at various rates and under widely varying conditions, it will be interesting to make a study of those parts of the horse's body directly connected with his locomotion.

It is not difficult to understand that, with the horse as with ourselves, all motion is the result of the action of the muscles. About 40 per cent of the weight of an ordinary horse is muscle. All muscles concerned with locomotion are attached to bones, and when they contract they cause the bones to which they are fastened to move. The lower part of a horse's legs are nearly all bone, but the muscles in the body and upper part of the limbs are attached to various parts of the bony construction by tendons and can thus produce a motion of the parts located some distance away. The muscles we are discussing, when contracted, are about three-quarters as long as when at rest. The amount of motion produced by the action of the muscles of, say one of the horse's hind legs, will depend upon the length of the muscles and the length and the relation of the bones to which they are attached. The common idea among students of this subject is expressed in these words: "Long muscles for speed, short muscles for power." We have already seen that a long muscle enables a horse to get over the ground rapidly. A short muscle, however, is not powerful because it is short, but because in horses constructed on that plan the muscles are thicker, contain more fibers, all of which pulling together when contracted exert a much greater pulling force than a long, more slender muscle. It is because of this that in buying horses to draw heavy loads we look for large and heavy muscles; while in roadsters we must attach importance to the length of the muscles.

The most of a horse's muscle is in the hind quarters. This may be a surprise to you, but the next time you have an opportunity to see a horse pulling a very heavy load, study him carefully. You will be impressed with the idea that most of the work is being done with the hind legs. When the hind foot is moved forward the toe rests on the ground and the leg is bent at the hock joint; if the toe does not slip and the horse is strong enough for his load the muscles above, pulling on the tendon fastened to the back and upper point of the hock, will close the joint, or, in other words, straighten the leg and cause the body to move forward. It is by the performance of this act at every step that the horse moves, although, of course, the strain on all the parts is much greater work when pulling very hard. This will also show the necessity of having large, broad, straight joints and legs that give the horse the most secure footing. You have probably also noticed when driving that many horses put their hind foot on the ground in front of the mark left by the fore foot, and the faster they go the greater will be the distance between the marks made by the fore and the hind feet. This shows that the length of a step is determined by the hind quarters; it also explains the need of large, strong hocks, and goes far to explain so crooked an seem weak or so straight as to lessen the leverage afforded by this very wonderful arrangement of the parts.

Then there are some other things that are desired in all kinds of horses. One of these is a short back; that is, one from the hips to the top of the shoulders (the withers). From what we have learned of the hind parts we see that the horse is really pushing the rest of his body along. If the back is short and strong instead of long and weak the whole body will move more easily and rapidly in obedience to the force produced in the hind parts.

Although the hind parts have most to do with the horse's traveling, we must not forget that the front parts are also very important. No matter how much muscle a horse has or how strong his hocks are, if there is anything seriously wrong with the front legs he cannot travel, and so derives no benefit from his good parts. Some horses may be seen whose knees are not straight, others when looked at from in front show that their feet are not in line with their legs. Such animals are more likely to slip or strike one leg with the opposite foot, thus making themselves lame and unable to do any work.

Much depends upon the parentage of the animal. It is never well to mix blood, that is, draft horses, like Percherons, and horses used for fast road work should never be crossed with the object in mind of getting an animal fleet of foot and yet strong in body. Keep the blood pure and always grade up.

There are a great many interesting things about a horse which cannot be told here, but which you may learn at home or from some neighbor who keeps good horses. We will, however, say something about horses' feet. Inside a horse's hoof there are some very sensitive parts resembling the attachment of the finger nail and the finger. When anything gets wrong with the foot these parts cause a great deal of pain and, even though the horse is otherwise perfect, the pain in the feet makes him too lame to travel. Horses with large, wide feet, that are wide across where they touch the ground when you look at them from behind (or in the heels) are not likely to have this trouble.

Even though you have never studied horses you have seen some that impress you as being much more beautiful than others. No matter what kind of work is to be done, it is desirable to have a horse that looks well. Of course, it will depend upon whether the horse is thin or fat and upon the grooming he has had, but you will usually find that the horses which attract you have rather long necks that rise upward from where they leave the body; the head, too, instead of being set on straight up and down, will have the nose pointed a little forward; the ears will be rather close together and the eyes large and bright looking.

James Whitcomb Riley has the following to say on The Boy Who Lives on Our Farm, fittingly reprinted below from Riley's Child Rhymes, published by Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.:

The Boy lives on our Farm, he's not
Afeard o' horses none!
An' he can make 'em lope, er trot,
Er race, er pace, er run.
Sometimes he drives two horses, when
He comes to town an' brings
A wagon full o' 'taters nen,
An' roastin' ears an' things.

Two horses is "a team," he says,
An' when you drive er hitch,
The right un's a "near horse," I guess
Er "off"—I don't know which—
The Boy lices on our farm; he told
Me, too, 'at he can see,
By lookin' at their teeth, how old
A horse is, to a T!

I'd be the gladdest boy alive
Ef I knowed much as that,
An' could stand up like him an' drive,
An' ist push back my hat,
Like he comes skallyhootin' through
Our alley, with one arm
A-wavin' fare-ye-well to you—
The Boy lives on our Farm!

SELLING FRESH EGGS

The following on the subject of care and marketing of eggs is by the manager of one of the largest poultry commission companies in Missouri: "As everyone knows, the egg production of this state amounts to millions of dollars annually, and all the writers and institutes urge a larger production; but we who buy and sell these eggs believe that if the farmers would take better care of what they now produce it would make them more money than to enlarge the production. With most farmers 'an egg is an egg,' but when it comes to the sale of them to the people who eat them it is found that the consumer does not think so, and we have to grade them accordingly. For example, in the month of July I bought 1,600 cases of eggs, costing about 14 cents per dozen here. Of these 70 per cent were fresh, 20 per cent were stale, small and dirty, and sold for 11 cents per dozen, and 10 per cent were rotten and were an absolute loss. The August loss ran about 5 per cent higher, the September loss about the same; the October loss has been about one-half less on bad eggs, but the per cent of small and dirty has been about the same. November receipts are generally fresh stock, but in December we usually receive a lot of held, stale stock that forces down the market prices from 2 to 5 cents per dozen, resulting in financial loss to all parties concerned.

"If one firm shows losses as above stated, just think what the entire loss in the United States amounts to. It is simply enormous, and that is not all; when eggs are fresh people eat them and will pay good prices to get them, but just as soon as they get a few that are not strictly fresh they turn to something else and eschew eggs. I do not believe that eggs would ever sell for less than 15 cents per dozen in the country if all came to the market fresh and firm. We urge the farmers to observe the following rules, and give us good, fresh, clean stock, and they will find that it will fully repay the extra care:

"1. See that the hens have clean, dry nests to lay in.

"2. Gather the eggs daily and keep in a cool, dry place—not in the kitchen or damp cellar.

"3. Market them at least once per week; oftener if possible.

"4. Do not wash eggs; they soon spoil.

"5. Do not market eggs that have proved not fertile in the incubator; it is criminal.

"6. Use the small and dirty eggs at home; they are just as good if you know they are fresh, but they lessen the value of the others when they reach the market.

"7. Do not pack in salt or damp sawdust; an egg will absorb any odor that butter will."

ALFALFA SOWN ON SOD

Even under dry land conditions a stand of alfalfa may be secured on some kinds of prairie sod, by simply disking the ground thoroughly, sowing the seed and covering it with a harrow. The disking must be thorough. This will only answer well in instances where the prairie or bench land sod is not very thick or dense, and where the soil conditions naturally favor the growth of alfalfa. Fair stands have thus been obtained.

CHOICE VIRGINIA FARMS

Along Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. as low as $10.00 per acre. Send for illustrated booklet, "COUNTRY LIFE IN VIRGINIA," it describes the mild climate, all-year farming, dairying, poultry and stock raising, nearby Eastern markets, schools, etc., and why land is now so cheap. Low twice-a-month excursion rates. C. B. WALL, REAL ESTATE AGT., C. & O. RY., Box F Richmond, Va.

C & O

Different Soil, Different Fertilizer

Detailed suggestions on the best methods of fertilizing and the most profitable kinds of fertilizer constituents to apply on soils of different character, to cotton, corn, oats, wheat and cowpeas, are contained in Farmers' Bulletin No. 398 (Farm Practice in the Use of Commercial Fertilizers in the South Atlantic States), recently issued by the United States department of agriculture, and obtainable by application to the secretary or to any senator, representative or delegate in congress.

Commercial fertilizers are expensive and should be used only when needed, and then the deficiencies and requirements of the soil and of the crop must be a matter of accurate knowledge before they can be used with economical benefit.

The character of the soil has a marked influence on the quantity and kind of fertilizer it is necessary to use in a good system of farming. And because a fertilizer is strikingly effective on one crop, upon a certain kind of soil, it is not proof that the same combination will be at all beneficial to that crop on another kind of soil, and certainly not that its use under a different crop, upon another soil, will be economical. Yet the study of the author shows that this is too common a practice among a certain class of farmers. The formula suited to cotton on a red clay soil may need serious modifications for crops on sandy, sandy loam and gray loam soils, and for all crops other than cotton on red clay soil.

With a good rotation, deep and thorough tillage and the use of green manures, legumes and winter cover crops, the quantity of commercial fertilizers required for a given crop yield can be considerably reduced and a great saving effected. Some farmers get twice as large yields as others, both located on similar soils, due to the fact that the former have a better understanding of the use of fertilizers and employ better farm methods.

The importance of taking into consideration all the factors which influence the use of fertilizers cannot be too strongly emphasized. To properly adjust the required ingredients, the farmer must study his own form conditions. No definite quantity or proportion of fertilizer constituents can ever be given that will meet the needs of a crop under all circumstances, as the rotation of crops, the growing of legumes, the use of crops for green manuring, the application of barnyard manure, the methods of preparation and cultivation and the character of the soil will always be factors which must be taken into consideration when using commercial fertilizers.

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I have a horse, two years old, that has a knot on his lower jaw and on the right side. It is the size of a pullet's egg. There is one forming on the other side. Will some one please tell me the cause and what to do for it?—S.

Will some reader kindly tell me what will keep black bugs off my chrysanthemums? I have tried tobacco, hellebore, insect powder and kerosene. They do not eat the plants.—S., Jasonville, Ind.

I would like to learn, through the Farmstead, how to make grape wine.—H., Weld, Me.

Can some reader tell me what to do to keep the borers out of cantaloupes? Any information will be appreciated.—G., Monteagle, Tenn.

INDIGO WATER FOR HOGS

In answer to query in last week's Blade—"My hogs weighing about 200 pounds are weak in their hind legs," etc.—I advise giving them all the blue indigo water they can drink. It will not hurt them.—C., Mt. Gilead, Ohio.

CORN AND CLOVER

Ed. Farmstead: I am writing this in reply to the request for the experience of someone in reference to the cultivation of corn and clover.

Fifty-nine years ago I bought the farm on which I now live. There were about 100 acres of cleared land that had been cultivated for 30 years. This part was divided into three fields for the purpose of rotating in oats, clover and corn. To begin I planted one field in oats and clover; the next spring the clover was pastured with hogs and horses until late in the fall. The sod was then plowed under and corn was planted the next spring. Then a rotation system was kept up for 15 years. The result was that the corn crop was nearly double. The oats crop was good, the clover very strong and did not need resowing. The soil seemed to be full of seed. After 15 years this system was changed. The clover was then mowed for hay, and after hay for seed; wheat was sown in place of oats. All of these crops did well for 10 years, when the wheat and clover began to get weaker every year, until now we get 10 in place of 20 bushels of wheat to an acre. As to clover, it is almost a perfect failure, nearly impossible to get a stand. The corn crop has nearly held its own; my estimate is about 40 bushels per acre for the last 40 years; sometimes 60 bushels is taken from an acre, but 40 is an average. In middle Tennessee our upland will not bring corn after corn to do any good without manure. Corn has to be rotated with other crops. One crop of corn every third year is the most profitable way. Enough stable manure is out of the question to make anything like a crop of corn.—C., Lascarras, Tenn.

WINE FROM ELDER BLOOM

Wine is made from both the flowers and berries of the elder, but the wine from the blossoms is the more highly esteemed. According to a tested recipe, the flowers are stripped from the stems. To each quart allow a gallon of water and tree pounds of sugar. Boil sugar and water together, skim well and pour it over blossoms. Stir thoroughly and keep in wooden keg or crock, covered with several folds of clean linen for three days. Then strain off the liquid and mix with beaten white of an egg. Seed and chop one pound of raisins for each gallon of wine and put in bottom of clean cask. Strain wine a second time as it is poured into cask, close bung and store six months before using.

THE BRONZE TURKEY

The bronze turkey is the largest of all the six standard varieties, and, therefore, holds the place of honor. It is said to have originated from a cross between the wild turkey of the north and our domesticated turkey. Its beautiful, rich plumage and size have come from its wild progenitors, says the Poultry Tribune.

Audubon has recorded the coming of the wild turkeys into the barnyard, where they paired with his domesticated turkeys. His description of the wild turkey is almost exactly like our bronze turkey of today. He remarks about the brilliant copper bronze of the plumage and compares them in color with those of the peacock.

New crosses, which increase and strengthen vitality and intensify the beauty of the bird, are still being made. The color of the bronze turkey is a ground of black blazoned or shaded with bronze. This shading is rich and glowing, and when the sun's rays are reflected from these colors they shine like polished steel.

The color of the female is not so rich as the male, but both have the same color and shading. Through inbreeding much of this richness of color is lost, as it is improved by each cross with the wild specimen. To gain best results inbreeding should be guarded against at all times, as none of our domestic fowls suffer more from this practice than do turkeys. The standard weight of the bronze is 36 pounds for adult cock, yearling c

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LACEMAKERS OF BRUGES

Wonder They Are Paupers, at a Wage of 12 to 15 Cents a Day.

In Harper's Magazine.

In the rear of the shop stood three women whose skin seemed to have taken and dried yellow on their bones. Their long black hood cloaks in full splendid folds, concealing gaunt emaciated frames beneath. The years of slavery had bent the elders and bowed the head, and the wrinkled hands were twisted with rheumatism.

The shopkeeper—a shrewd, calculating sphinxlike spinster of 40 years or so—stood counting small change, the three elderly derelicts stood in frightened group, staring at it. A little girl of 12 held the hand of the most helpless of the three, a dim, deep-set eyes seemed to burn the counter and the shrew before her with difficulty.

The counting of money as it dropped from feeble, outstretched hands brought tension of the group to breaking point, and vented itself in a hopeless cry such as a child might make when it weaks its toy. As the money was counted, the dim eyes filled with tears, which flowed unintelligibly. In contrast the little flaxen haired girl looked defiantly out from the others, her face crimson and her diminutive body trembling with indignation.

"It's a shame," she cried, shaking a threatening forefinger at the shopkeeper. "Last week it was 40 centimes short, and now it is 50." "If you don't like what I give, don't come back," sneered the shopkeeper. But when they reached the street we heard the child and dropped 50 centimes into her hand to make up the sum. I asked her the age of the feeble of the party.

"Grandma is 87."

"How long has she been making lace?"

"Since she was five years old—she has two patterns."

"And she always done two?"

"How much does she make a day?"

"She used to make 60 centimes a day sometimes more; but now the storekeeper only gives her 50, and sometimes 45."

Both 10, 12 and 15 cents a day it is no wonder that one-fourth of the population of Bruges are paupers.

Virginia Mud.

Duke Times.

Virginia's skill and daring have conquered the elements, but they are foiled by mixture. We ride in the air, roll on the surface of the earth faster than the bird flies, travel the water on and beneath the surface, but when we leave earth and water in the shape of mud on Virginia highways, we fall. Every per cent of the gallant automobile which tickled it fell, literally by the wayside, and the path was strewn with the remnants of the raid.

Virginia mud in times past was one of Richmond's best fortifications against invading hosts. It is invincible. Sacred soil of the Old Dominion, when moistened and churned up, will stop anything. It is hostile and impregnable. It bids the wayfarer go no further, but invites him to stop and rest for the night. Usually he does stop. He gets stuck in the country and the mud closes on him. And now the next best thing to the resident Virginian of the various parts of Virginia will stay at home because he must.

A Poor Nightcap.

"I trust you slept comfortably and had everything you needed?" said Sandy Anderson's hostess one cold morning last winter.

"Well enough," replied her guest, "but Archie Scot: "but I dinna see the use of yon bottle in the bed."

"Why, wasn't the water hot?" the hostess asked in surprise.

"Yes, it was hot," responded Macpherson, "but he forgot to put anything in it."

Half Way.

Lippincott's Magazine.

A gentleman was having his luncheon in a coffee room of a certain large hotel when he was much annoyed by another visitor, who during the whole of the meal stood with his back to the fire warming himself and watching him partake of his repast. At length, unable to stand it any longer, he rang the bell and said:

"Waiter, kindly turn that gentleman round; I think he is done on that side."

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

SWIMMING THE CHANNEL.

It was stated in these columns recently, in reply to a question, that nobody had ever succeeded in swimming the English channel. This was an error. Captain Matthew Webb swam the channel from Dover to Calais, August 24, 1875, in 21 hours and 45 minutes. Sam Mahoney, of Boston, claims a record for having swam from Sangatte, France, to South Foreland, England, September 11, 1908. This distance is about 35 miles. The distance across the channel is no obstacle to a good swimmer. To succeed he must have the benefit of favorable tides.

SULLIVAN-KILRAIN FIGHT

Please tell about the fight between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain at New Orleans.—M. D. R., Clyde, Kas.

Sullivan and Kilrain did not fight at New Orleans, but the contest took place at Richburg, Miss. On July 8, 1889, they entered the ring to fight for $10,000 a side and the championship. The fight was with bare knuckles and lasted for 75 rounds, but Sullivan won on points.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION 1896

What was the vote for the various candidates for the presidential nomination in the Republican national convention in 1896? What was the number of delegates who withdrew from the convention when the platform containing the financial plank was accepted?—C. A. W., Altmar, N. Y.

The votes for candidates for the presidential nomination in the Republican national convention of 1896 were as follows: William McKinley, 661½; Thomas B. Reed, 84½; Matthew S. Quay, 61½; Levi P. Morton, 58; William B. Allison, 35½, and J. Donald Cameron, 1. There were 34 members of the convention who protested against the financial plank and its gold standard without avail. They withdrew from the convention. McKinley was chosen as the candidate for president on the first ballot.

JULIUS CAESAR

Please tell what you can about Julius Caesar.—M. E., Mt. Olive, Ill.

Julius Caesar, the Roman general, statesman and historian, was born July 10, 100 B. C. and died at Rome March 15, 44 B. C. He displayed extraordinary talents from his boyhood. He had a penetrating intellect and a remarkably strong memory. Pliny said that he was able to read, write, hear and dictate at the same time from four to seven letters. As the occupation of most of the people of those times was warfare, Caesar devoted the greater part of his life to this art. He was a good general. When he was not fighting he was planning how he could get control of the government without having to divide the honor with others. For a time, however, he divided this honor with Pompey and others. Finally he and Pompey quarreled, with the result that Pompey's army retreated to Egypt, where their general was murdered. Caesar hurled the great Roman with honor. When Caesar returned to Rome he granted an amnesty to the followers of Pompey, which act gained him universal love of the people. As Pompey was no more and no other person was popular enough with the people, Caesar became the head of the government. He refused the crown offered by Mark Antony, which made him more popular with the people. He resolved to subdue the Parthians, and his friends gave out that according to the Sibylline books this could only be done by a king, and therefore proposed that Caesar should retain the title of dictator in regard to Italy, but should be saluted with that of king in all the conquered countries. To settle this a meeting of the senate was called on the ides of March. This was the day fixed by conspirators for the assassination of Caesar. Brutus and Cassius were foremost among the conspirators, both of whom had received favors from Caesar. It was arranged that Tillius Cimber should entreat a pardon for his brother, and when doing so was to tear the mantle from Caesar's shoulders as a signal for the rest to rush upon him and stab him. This plan was successful and Caesar fell at the foot of Pompey's statue pierced with 23 wounds. He died in the 56th year of his age, the victim of jealous men. The men who murdered him were not patriotic but envious of Caesar's popularity. Thus died Caesar, said by some to be the foremost man of all this world, a statesman, a general, an orator, an historian, an architect, and an engineer.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

Please give an explanation of spontaneous combustion.—A. G. J., Springwater, N. Y.

Spontaneous combustion is the ignition of bodies by the internal development of heat without the application of an external flame. It frequently takes place in heaps of rags, cotton and other substances strongly lubricated with oil, when, if the oil is freshly made, it is very ready to combine with the oxygen of the atmosphere and give out carbon and hydrogen. The heat thus developed, diffusing itself through a mass of highly inflammable substances will in certain circumstances be sufficient to set them on fire. Bituminous coal, piled up in heaps, is apt to ignite by the decomposition of the sulphuret of iron which it contains. In ships laden with coal impregnated with sulphur and iron in the form of bisulphuret of iron, decomposition of this substance is sometimes occasioned by the excess of moisture, and heat is evolved to such a degree as to cause the combustion of coal, especially if air is admitted freely. Water poured on the burning material only adds to the intensity of action.

CHARLES T. RUSSELL

Will you please give a life of Charles T. Russell and name some of the books he has written?—A. E. B., Deer Park, Md.

Charles Taze Russell, the author and clergyman, was born February 16, 1852. In early life he was associated with his father, who was a merchant, and thus was hindered from completing a college course; but his studies were continued under private tutors with remarkable success. When only a youth he became interested in theology, and in 1869 was distressed at the doctrine of eternal torment. He formulated a doctrine for himself and explained his investigations in a book called The Divine Plan of the Ages. This writing was approved by many denominations, but was bitterly attacked by the majority. From 1873 Russell devoted his time and money toward the promulgation of his Bible-harmonies, though continuing his commercial interests for about 10 years longer, under the care of assistants. He is the editor of a journal published twice a month and is also president of a society organized for the purpose of promulgating his doctrines. Some of his writings are, The Time Is at Hand, Thy Kingdom Come, The Day of Vengeance, The At-One-Ment Between God and Man, and The New Creation. These books have been published in numerous languages and even in raised text for the blind. Their circulation runs up into the millions. He also is the author of Our Lord's Return, Why Evil Was Permitted, The Bible vs. Evolution, What Say the Scriptures About Hell? A Reply to Robert Ingersoll, and Tabernacle Shadows of Better Sacrifices. Russell's followers number probably less than 50,000, but the influence of his teachings is believed to have been felt to some degree in every congregation throughout English-speaking Christendom. He holds that the scriptures teach that by 1915 the millennial age will be ushered in by a period of unprecedented trouble and anarchy.

SALTPETER

Please tell how saltpeter is formed. —J. C. M., Cedarville, Cal.

When refuse animal matter undergoes decomposition in the soil, under proper conditions, the nitrogen contained in it passes into the form of a nitrate, and as potassium is generally present, the particular nitrate formed is saltpeter. The change is brought about by the action of certain microbes which exist in the soil, and are especially abundant and efficient in warm countries. In Bengal the saltpeter earth is gathered into loosely aggregated heaps. Thus salt is obtained from these by scraping off the uppermost layers, which show a wide efflorescence. The process of nitrifaction is as follows: Refuse animal matter, more especially manure, is mixed with earthy material, wood ashes, etc., and piled up. These piles are moistened with the liquid products from stables. After the action has continued for two or three years the outer crust is taken off and is extracted with water. The solution is treated with a water extract of wood ashes or with potassium carbonate, by which the calcium and magnesium are precipitated. Much of the saltpeter on the market is made from sodium nitrate by treating it with potassium chloride. When dissolved in water it causes a lowering of temperature. Saltpeter is sometimes used in the manufacture of fireworks, but principally in making gunpowder.

ASTOR PLACE RIOT

Will you please give an account in the Question Bureau of the Astor Place riot?—H. H. N., Jefferson, N. Y.

The Astor Place riot took place on the evening of May 10, 1849, in Astor Place, New York. It was an attempt to drive the English actor, William Charles Macready, from the stage, and grew out of a London tour of Edwin Forrest, in which he played Virginius and Richelieu with great success till Macready bought the acting rights for himself, though he personally treated Forrest with kindness. Forrest then tried to play Macbeth, but it was so unsuited to his style and presence that he was hissed. He laid this treatment to Macready, and when the latter, four years later, announced Macbeth in the Astor Place opera house, a crowd of Forrest's partisans gathered early in the evening before the theatre, and waiting till the performance began, attempted to force their way inside and put a stop to it. The police were powerless to restrain them and the militia was called out, but was assailed by the mob with a shower of brickbats and stones. Before the fight was over 34 rioters were killed, a great number wounded, and 141 of the militia injured by the missiles. However the mob was successful in its purpose, for Macready canceled the engagement, hid in a private house for a few days, slipped out of the town to Boston, from where he sailed back to England.

WASHINGTON IRVING

I would like to have the Question Bureau print a short sketch of the life of Washington Irving.—F. G. E., Irwin, Va.

Washington Irving, the American author, was born April 3, 1783, and died November 28, 1859. His father was a merchant of New York. Young Irving was the youngest of a family of 11 children, and his school education was not given much attention though two of his older brothers were sent to college. But Washington made up for his lack of schooling by reading many books, among them being the works of Spenser and Chaucer. He entered a law office at the age of 16, and began his authorship in 1802 by writing humorous sketches for a newspaper edited by his brother. Fearing the early symptoms of consumption, he sailed for Europe two years later, where he spent two years of travel until he had recovered his health. On his return he was admitted to the bar, but instead of practicing law he assisted in the issue of Salmagundi, the success of which determined his career, and the immediate character of his writings. At the close of the year 1808 he set about reshaping the burlesque history of New York. About this time the woman to whom he was engaged died, much to Irving's sorrow. In 1810 Irving was received in partnership with his brothers in their importing house. He edited a Philadelphia magazine in the year 1814. In the same year, when the British entered the city of Washington, Irving offered his services to his native state and was made aide-de-camp to Governor Tompkins, with the rank of colonel. At the close of the war he sailed for England, where he was well received by the leading literary men of that country. But the firm with which he and his two brothers were connected failed and Irving began to write, after refusing a post in the navy board at home. He wrote sketches for London and sent some of them to this country for publication. In 1826 Irving traveled through Spain getting material for various books. In 1829 he was made secretary of legation in London, and three years later returned to America, where he traveled in the western states. He bought a farm at Tarrytown and lived there, writing books on various subjects, until 1842, when he was appointed minister to Spain and had little time for writing for a period of four years. He returned and engaged himself in literary pursuits until his death in his 17th year from heart disease. He was buried by the side of his mother, whose tastes he had inherited, and whose sympathy and nature had made him what he was. His authorship was the outcome of his personal character, and was little modified by the literateurs of the world.

INDIAN SUMMER

In what part of the year do we have Indian summer, and in what part squaw winter?—F. G. H., Finlay, N. D.

The short season of fine weather usually occurring about the middle of November, or a little later, is called "Indian summer" from the custom of the Indians to avail themselves of this pleasant season for gathering their corn; and the tradition is that they always had a "second summer of nine days just before winter set in." The sky at this period is generally filled with a golden haze. The season is synonymous with the "Summer of St. Martin" of Europe, which derives its name from the festival of St. Martin held on the 11th of November. "Squaw Winter" is the Indian appellation for the touch of wintry or snowy weather that precedes the Indian summer.

INGERSOLL'S TRIBUTE TO HIS BROTHER

I would like to have printed in your columns Robert G. Ingersoll's speech in tribute to his brother.—A. G. T., Mullis, Ga.

The following is what Robert G. Ingersoll gave in a speech requested:

"Dear Friends—I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

"The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

"He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but, being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in the happy life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

"Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a holy joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woop of mystery and death.

"This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

"He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor and wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

"He was a worshiper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words, 'For justice all place a temple, and all season, summer.' He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy, and were everyone to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers.

"Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

"He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, 'I am better now.' Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

"And now, to you, who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust.

"Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

INDIAN TRIBES

Please give the names of the different North American Indian tribes, and tell in what state each lives.—A. C. B., Irvington, Va.

The existing tribes of North American Indians makes quite a long list. We shall give them by states and territories, as follows:

Maine, Penobscot and Passamaquoddy; New York reservations, Senecas, Tuscaroras, St. Regis, Onondagas, Oneidas; North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia, Cherokees; Florida, Seminoles; Indiana, Miamis; Michigan, Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawatomies; Wisconsin, Munsees, Oneidas (from New York), Menomones, Chippewas, Stockbridge (from Massachusetts); Iowa, Sacs and Foxes; Minnesota, mostly Chippewas; Nebraska, Winnebagoes, Poncas, Omahas, Pawnees; Kansas, Munsees, Miamis, Kansas or Kaws, Kickapoos, Pottawatomies, Chippewas; North and South Dakota, Sioux, Poncas, Arickarees, Gros Ventres, Mandans; Montana, Blackfeet, Blood, Peigan, Assiniboines, Gros Ventres, Crows, Flatheads, Shoshones, Bannocks, Roving Sioux; Wyoming, Shoshones and Arapahoes; Idaho, Neg Perces, Bannocks, Shoshones; Colorado, Utes; Nevada, Utes, Shoshones, Bannocks; Washington, Cour d' Aline, Spokane, Yakama and others; Oregon, Kalamaths, Walla-Wallas, Shoshones and others; California, Yumas, Klamaths and others; Utah, Utes; New Mexico, Pueblos, Navajos, Apaches, Utes; Arizona, Pimas, Yumas, Apaches; Oklahoma, Pottawattomies, Sacs and Foxes, Osages, Kansas, Pawnees, Poncas, Otoes, Missouris. In addition to the above in Oklahoma, the five civilized tribes of that territory are the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks and Seminoles, numbering over 50,000; the Cherokees alone have half this number. The Indian Territory, now part of the new state of Oklahoma, there are Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Apaches, Kiowas, Comanches, Wichitas, Delawares, Caddos, Shawnees, Miamis, Modocs, Ottawas, Peorias, Quapaws, Senecas, Cayugas, Wyandots. The tribes above named constitute a population of nearly 250,000. New Mexico has the greatest number of Indians, more than 28,000.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Will the Question Bureau please give me a short sketch of the life of Robert G. Ingersoll?—C. B. W., Bessemer City, N. C.

Robert Green Ingersoll, the American lawyer, lecturer and author, was born August 11, 1833, and died July 21, 1899. He received a common school education and was admitted to the bar in 1854. He soon became prominent in the courts and in Democratic politics. He recruited a regiment in the civil war and entered the army as colonel. In 1862 he was captured by some confederate, but was soon paroled and given command of a camp in St. Louis. He soon after resigned. After the war he became a Republican, and was made attorney general of Illinois in 1866. Ingersoll was a delegate to the Republican national convention of 1876 and placed in nomination for president James G. Blaine, whom he termed "the plumed knight." His nominating speech gave him national reputation as an orator, and he afterward lectured frequently. Ingersoll was an agnostic, and in his lectures attacked the Bible and the beliefs of the Christian religion. He was prominent in politics for several years, and had he not given such frequent expression to his agnostic views he would doubtless have been honored with high offices. He took up his permanent residence in New York city in 1882 and practiced law until his death. Ingersoll was not an infidel, but rather an agnostic.

THE INHERITANCE TAX

Will you tell what you can regarding the inheritance tax?—T. M. L., Pacific Grove, Cal.

An inheritance tax is an assessment laid upon the male heirs of property, either by distribution or descent. Sometimes this assessment is confined to collateral heirs, when it is called collateral inheritance tax. The raising of public funds in this way has been sanctioned by legislation from the beginning of Roman law, and in England and in other countries is a large and steady source of revenue, although such taxes have been stigmatized by certain economists as "death duties." During the civil war taxes of this kind were made part of the internal revenue system of the United States, but abolished soon after the struggle ended. The rate and method of assessment vary in different countries and in different states of the Union. The English inheritance tax ranges from a 1 to 10 per cent assessment, in accordance with the amount of the inheritance and the degree of relationship of heirs. In the United States lineal collateral and succession inheritance taxes have been instituted in several states as a source of domestic revenue. In Connecticut the assessment on inherited property is 5 per cent on all sums and values above $1,000. In Delaware the assessment ranges from 1 to 5 per cent, according to the amount of property left and the degree of relationship. In Illinois 1 per cent on values over $20,000 to lineal descendants; 2 per cent to 5 per cent on all amounts to collateral relations. In Maryland 2½ per cent on all legacies and successions. In New York 1 per cent on all property over the amount of $10,000 to lineal heirs, 5 per cent on all amounts over $500 to collateral relatives. In Ohio, 5 per cent on all values over $5,000. In Virginia 5 per cent in every case. Several states leave untaxed the property descending or distributed to the lineal descendants and place assessments of varying percentage on the amount or value of the legacy which falls to the collateral heirs. These are California, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, Tennessee and West Virginia. Inheritance laws have in the United States occasioned much discussion and litigation, but their justice and utility have been testified to by experience and the decision of the law courts. The leading economists of the present and other periods have seen the scientific propriety, even necessity, of such legal provisions, and have noted the uniformity with which they deal with all classes of the financial community.

FREDERIC L. KNOWLES

Will the Question Bureau please tell what it knows about Frederic L. Knowles?—L. A. K., Kibbie, Mich.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles, the American writer, was born in Lawrence, Massachusetts, on September 8, 1869. A graduate from the Wesleyan university in 1894, and since 1900 has been the literary adviser of one of the publishing firms of Boston. Besides being the editor of several books, he is the author of Practical Hints for Young Writers, Readers and Book Buyers, A Kipling Primer, and On Life's Stairway.

THE WESTERN RESERVE

Please tell how the Western Reserve was formed and give its location.—G. H. E., Patesville, Ky.

After the war of the Revolution disputes arose among several of the states regarding the right to the soil of the territory northwest of the Ohio river, they basing their claims on the original charters granted by the English crown. To settle the matter the whole was ceded to the United States government by the states, Virginia reserving 3,709,440 acres in the southern part of Ohio, and Connecticut 3,666,923 acres in the northeastern corner of the state. The first tract is called Virginia military lands; the Connecticut tract, the Western Reserve. Jurisdiction over these tracts was relinquished in 1880 to the national government, the states retaining ownership of the soil. Connecticut sold her lands to settlers, and used the money for her common schools.

The Western Reserve is bounded on the north by Lake Erie, on the east by Pennsylvania, on the south by the 41st parallel of latitude, and on the west by a north and south line 100 miles west of the Pennsylvania boundary. This line is the eastern line of Seneca and Sandusky counties, Ashtabula, Trumbull, part of Mahoning, Portage, Geauga, Lake, Cuyahoga, Summit, Medina, Lorain, part of Ashland, Huron and Erie.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL

Will you tell what George Washington said to his officers when he took leave of them at the close of the revolution?—S. S. J., Parrot, O.

On Thursday, December 4, 1783, Washington met his officers, yet remaining in service, at his quarters in New York, for the last time. The scene is described by Marshall, one of the best early biographers, was one of great tenderness. The commander-in-chief entered the room where they were all waiting, and taking a glass of water in his hand, he said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most heartily wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. I cannot come to each of you and take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each shall come and take me by the hand."

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

Will you please give a description of the great battle of Waterloo?—F. M. A., Richwood, W. Va.

The battle of Waterloo was fought June 18, 1815, between the allied British, Netherland and German troops, under Wellington, and the French under Napoleon. On June 15 Napoleon had attacked the Prussians, under Bluchер, at Ligny and forced them to retreat toward Wavre, and Marshal Ney at the same time attacked the British and Dutch forces at Quatre Bras, but was forced to retire after an engagement of five hours. Napoleon's object, however, which was to prevent a union of the Prussians with Wellington's main army, was partially gained. The latter commander, having learned the next morning of Blucher's repulse, moved on to Waterloo, expecting that the Prussian commander, according to previous arrangement, would join him there as speedily as possible. On June 17 Napoleon also moved toward Waterloo with the main body of his army, having directed Marshal Grouchy, with 34,000 men and 96 guns, to pursue Blucher's command toward Wavre. Both armies bivouacked on the field of Waterloo, and the next morning Napoleon, confident that Grouchy would prevent the arrival of the Prusisans, delayed attack until the ground should become dry, a heavy shower having fallen on the day previous. The forces under Wellington occupied a semi-circular ridge a mile and a half in length, and the French were on an opposite ridge, the two being separated by a valley about 500 yards wide. The plan of Napoleon was to force the left center of the allies back upon the center and gain possession of the enemy's line of retreat. To draw off Wellington's attention to his right. French troops were sent about 11 o'clock to attack the chateau of Hougouemont, which the English had fortified. After a fierce of more than two hours this was still in the possession of its defenders. About 1 o'clock a Prussian corps under Bulow was seen approaching on the French right, and Napoleon, finding it necessary to send 10,000 to check their advance, was obliged to change the plan of battle. He therefore ordered a fierce attack upon the allied center. Wellington massed his troops here, and the battle was obstinately maintained for five hours, with varying success to the participants, both commanders hourly expecting reinforcements. Wellington was the first to receive aid, Bulcher and Napoleon for Grouchy. The French at last were gaining ground; the allied troops in the center were wavering under Ney's impetuous onslaughts. Gen. Durutte had forced back the left, and Bulow's troops on the right had been forced to yield the position they had taken. Now, however, there were rumors that Blucher's army was approaching, and the allies again rallied. At 7 o'clock Napoleon, despairing of the approach of Grouchy, determined to decide the day by a charge of the Old Guard, which had been held in reserve. At this stage the advance of Prussian horse on the allied left forced back Gen. Durutte's troops, and the Old Guard formed in square to cover this retreat. Ney's division, surrounded, made a gallant struggle—their brave leader, still unwounded, though five horses had been shot under him, heading them on foot, sword in hand—but were forced to give way. The Old Guard held its ground against overwhelming numbers. Finally, when five squares were broken, the emperor gave the order to "fall back." The cry "The guard is retreating!" spread like wildfire through the French army and threatened to turn retreat into precipitate flight. Napoleon, seeing this, reformed the guard in order to give a rallying point for the fugitives. Failing in this, he declared that he would die within the square, but Marshal Soult hurried him away. The heroic band, surrounded, was bidden to surrender. "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders," is the reply popularly attributed to Gen. Cambronne, and with the cry of "Vive l'empereur!" the remnant of the guard made a last charge upon the enemy and perished almost to a man. The forces of Blucher being now upon the field, the rout o fthe French was complete, and the Prussians pursued the fleeing troops, capturing guns and men. There is no doubt that the failure of Grouchy to come upon the field caused Napoleon to lose his last great battle. It was subsequently asserted that the marshal was bribed, but there seems to be no real foundation for so base a charge. The trouble was that he had been ordered by Napoleon to follow the Prussions toward Wavre, and thought it necessary to follow the strict letter of his instructions. Before he reached the village the main body of the Prussian force was on its way to Waterloo, but one division had been left there to occupy his attention. Engaged in skirmishing with this, he paid no attention to the advice of his subordinate generals, who, hearing the terrible cannonading at Waterloo, besought him to go to the aid of the army there. Napoleon, believing that he was either holding back Blucher's forces or was hotly pursuing them, did not recall him to the main army, and the decisive battle was lost. Grouchy was summoned before a council of war, but the court declared itself incompetent to decide his case and nothing further came of it.

MISCELLANEOUS

T. R., Vanderbilt, Mich.: We have not the technical knowledge to answer your question.

A. E. C., Bear Creek, N. C.: The bureau cannot answer your question. Have no statistics covering the subject.

E. C., Fairgrove, Mich.: A gold dollar weighs 25.8 grains. There are 22.22 grains of pure gold in it, the remainder being alloy.

H. R. M., Reuss Falls, N. Y.: The bureau cannot give you the number of divorces granted in the United States during the year 1909. The government statistics cover 20-year periods, but 1909 is not included in these. The census recently taken may give the information desired.

H. B. E., Biggs, Mich.: One bushel of wheat gives about 45 pounds of floor.

L. G., Chandler's Valley, Pa.: The surname of King George of England is Wettin, but our references do not give the surnames of the other royal monarchs of Europe.

A. E. L., Flagler, Col.: Write to the minister of interior at Ottawa, Canada, for what you want to know.

G. S. H., Orting, Wash.: We have no copy of Webster's Bunker Hill oration in this office.

Damages for a Sale of Morphine.

Paris letter to the Lancet.

An important decision with reference to the sale of morphine has recently been given by the Tenth Chambre Correctionnelle. A pharmaceutical chemist having sold morphine without a medical prescription to a student at Nancy, the latter gave it to one of his companions, who as a result of taking it contracted the morphine habit. The father of the victim then brought an action for damages against the chemist, who in his defense said, in the first place, that he was responsible only for his ownaction, but not for the action of the student who had given the morphine to his comrade, and in the second place, that he had no direct connection with the injury sustained by the customer of the morphine. The lower court upheld this view, but the higher tribunal ordered the chemist to pay 100 francs fine and 4,000 francs damages on the ground that a pharmaceutical chemist who sells a poisonous substance without a medical prescription knows that he is liable for whatever misuse may be made of it, either by the first recipient or by the next person who comes into possession of it.

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (Clothing Dealer), East Hampton, Conn., says if any sufferer from a Kidney or Bladder trouble will send him their address he will gladly and without charge direct them to the splendid remedy he successfully used at home in his own case.

NATION'S DRINK BILL

Decrease in the Amount of Alcohol Consumed.

New York World.

That the people of America are beginning to grow more sober in their habits again is the apparent lesson of the American Grocer's estimate of the nation's drink bill for 1909.

In spite of 10 years of prohibition agitation 1907 was the banner year for the liquor trade. Consumption reached then its maximum. In two years the population increased by 2,749,866, but the money spent upon alcoholic drinks fell off $110,185,600. This was not an economic after effect of the panic; that would have been more apparent in 1908; besides, tea, coffee and cocoa established in 1909 a record.

The per capita use of spirits in 1909 was the smallest since 1900; of beer since 1905. Of both there was a decline in 1908 and again in 1909. The consumption of wine alone increased, but by a trifle.

The treasury in 1909 derived from spirits $149,861,817; from fermented liquors, $25,550,754; from imported alcoholics, $15,650,113, and from tobacco, $59,355,084. The average tax per capita from all these sources was $2.93.

Taking the estimated retail price of alcoholics and adding coffee, tea and cocoa, the 1909 drink bill of the nation was:

Malt liquors	$ 904,212,837
Spiritous liquors	539,469,744
Wines	131,881,657
Coffee, tea, etc.	216,440,988
Totals	$1,792,005,226

This is $97.15 for each family of five persons—enough in all conscience! But the alcoholic part of the expenditure shows now for two successive years a decided tendency to slacken.

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I WANT information about a good grain or stock farm for sale. I know of over 1,000 buyers, willing to pay your price. I can tell you how to find them. Write me about it and let's see if we can close up a deal. Address at once. Arthur Capper, Dept. 51, Topeka, Kan.

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LEARN to write advertisements; you can positively earn $25 to $100 per week; prospectus sent free. Page-Davis Co., 15 Page Bldg., Chicago.

HELP WANTED

Wanted, distributors of advertising matter everywhere; enclose stamp. O. P. Barkley, Mt. Pleasant, Pa

AGENTS—Portraits, frames, pillow tops, sheet pictures, etc., at low prices; rejections credited; 30 days credit; catalog and sample free. CULVER ART CO., DEPT. T. WESTERVILLE, O.

MILK IS BEST FOR YOUNG PIGS

For the first weeks of a pig's life the mother's milk is its drink as well as food, and therefore in caring for suckling sows it should be the aim to so feed them that milk of only medium richness will be furnished instead of a limited supply of that which is extremely rich, the latter being less healthful and more liable to cause thumps, scours and unsatisfactory growth. It is only a law of nature that pigs should make more economical gains through the milk of the dams than in any other way, and it is also true that the sow will furnish nourishment for her young at less cost for the raw material than any other animal on the farm. A sow's milk is rich in solid matter, which amounts to 17 to 20 per cent. On a comparative basis of 1,000 pounds live weight a cow giving three gallons of milk a day will give in the milk one pound of fat and .77 pound of protein daily, while a sow's milk will yield 1.26 pounds of fat and 1.1 pounds of protein a day on an average. In composition sow's milk in comparison with cow's milk is very high in total fats as well as solids.

CUT OFF HIS OWN TOE

Wealthy Pittsburg Oil Operator Had No Confidence in Surgeons.

Pittsburg Dispatch to New York Tribune.

Syrus Andrews, a wealthy veteran oil operator, amputated his own toe with a pocket knife because he had not confidence in surgeons.

A few weeks ago Mr.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Modern Methods

The man who lives two thousand miles remote from the factory cannot have a churn or a threshing machine delivered at his front gate by wireless telegraphy. Scientific invention has its limitations — there are many things out of reach of human possibility. Nevertheless science and the genius of invention have done much for humanity. So also have modern methods of doing business. They have put isolated localities within reach of the great business world. The modern advertiser, the merchant who has something to sell that the people two thousand miles away may need, talks through the newspaper. He is extending a helping hand to those beyond the great circles of activity. He acquaints them with a modern way of buying what they want. Blade advertisers do not promise to deliver the threshing machine or the churn by wireless, but they have goods to offer, and they make buying easy and fascinating.

It is hard to get twelve sensible men on one jury.

King George V. is making good. He has already won a horse race.

The fellow you regard as a fool today may be the genius of tomorrow.

The airship will have to be classed as a fair weather bird until further notice.

Fidgety people make the weather seem several degrees warmer than it really is.

A woman's idea of a picnic is to have enough men along to carry the lunch baskets.

To show that she is not superstitious a Kentucky girl 19 years of age has married a boy of 13.

The inventor of the hoopskirt died the other day at the age of 83. He had no other bad habits.

"The system was all right," declared the officials of the Zeppelin airship. The forest was in the way.

Can a bald-headed man be elected President? The question is of personal interest to Mr. Harmon.

A St. Louis preacher says some of us make our own hell. And some make a little for the neighbors.

Col. Henry Watterson announces that he and Mark Twain were cousins. Mark never said anything about it.

Meanwhile Uncle Joe Cannon is trusting to Providence he will be pretty busy among his Danville constituents.

A returned traveler says "the women of Borneo are more to be feared than wild men." Must be suffragettes.

Professor Lowell may be right about the canals on Mars. Perhaps canal digging is the national sport up there.

Visitors to Oyster Bay find Mr. Roosevelt making hay or chopping down a tree, but they never catch him fishing.

President Diaz has been elected again, but there are a few optimists in Mexico who feel that he cannot live forever.

Newport society says the handshake should be at the waistline. It will take a mighty sharp eye to locate some waistlines.

Three hundred thousand dollars may seem like a high price for raising the Maine, but the cost of sinking it was a great deal more.

One woman who married a man because she thought he was dying now wishes she hadn't. The man probably wishes he had died.

What's the matter with the milliners? Very few of the hats they have turned out this season are homely enough to attract attention.

Girls who escaped becoming June brides should not boast about it. There are other months that are full of irresistible opportunities.

A New York woman flagged a train with a red tablecloth. It wasn't according to tradition, but she could have done no better with a red petticoat.

"A woman spends half her time pulling down her dress," remarks the Atchison Globe. But let's be fair. A man spends considerable time hitching up his trousers.

Experts say that Porter Charlton has "confusional insanity, exhaustive psychosis and hebephrenia." This is likely to make Harry K. Thaw feel that he missed something.

Judge Alton B. Parker says the executive branch of the government is endeavoring to augment its powers. Is the judge still trying to convince the people that they made a mistake in 1904?

"If women could vote," says Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, "they wouldn't be worrying their heads about being kissed." Did anyone ever hear of a suffragette worrying about being kissed?

TAFT MAKING GOOD.

There can be no doubt that the American public, as it analyzes the results of the session of congress just ended, will look upon President Taft with growing favor. There is no question that the President has advanced rapidly in public esteem in the last few weeks. He is gaining ground with the people. The sense of fair play that lies close to the hearts of Americans is asserting itself. Taft is making good.

When the strength of the congressional machine is considered; when the towering obstacles that the President faced at the opening of congress last fall are taken into account, the results of the session are little short of amazing. The railroad legislation secured is of itself an achievement in the forward movement great enough to justify the President's course. And, given point and effect as it has been by the masterly manner in which the handled the recent rate crisis, it has placed the federal government in the strongest position in its attempt to control these great public service corporations that it has ever held. In a word, Taft has secured all that Roosevelt has advocated in this, one of the greatest problems of the day.

Of the remainder of the Taft legislative program practically all of the important measures have been enacted into law despite a season of internal turmoil in both houses of congress almost without precedent. The tariff bill stands, of course, as the one great disappointment of the session. It is faulty, beyond question. It is not, by any means, all the President hoped for or worked for. But as the country studies it and comes to an understanding of it, there will be a growing agreement with Mr. Taft in his assertion that it is the best tariff bill the country has ever had. It can be improved. It will be improved. But, disappointed as the people are and will continue to be at some of its provisions, the ultimate judgment of the nation will give the President credit for having attained the one great object sought when he entered on the work—namely the splendid national prosperity which the country today enjoys. It has wiped out a heavy score of silent mills and idle men.

Viewed from whatever standpoint, the President's position before the people is vastly improved at the session's end. He is still afflicted with the Ballinger person, who clings to his job with selfish insistence, to the great disadvantage of the administration. But the people will remember the Cameron of the Lincoln cabinet, the Alger of McKinley's time, and the Morton of the Roosevelt regime, and they will understand that a cabinet officer, however unpopular, may not be removed on Scotch verdicts of "not proven." They will credit the President with splendid personal courage, and they will judge him by his own works, rather than by the mistakes of the men who sit at his council table.

In the first eighteen months of his presidency, Mr. Taft has made mistakes. But most of them have been errors in politics; most of them have been mistakes that have been without effect, except as to his personal popularity. And with them all he has gone ahead, steadily, patiently, bravely, doing honestly and to the limit of ability, all he or any other man could do to carry out the pledges of his party and the expressed will of the American people.

THE CYNICAL SENATE.

The United States senate declined to make an inquiry into Senator Gore's charges against a set of southwestern lobbyists. Taking warning by the disclosures the senate halted the bill the lobbyists sought for, but would do nothing to pursue the men declared to be guilty of attempting to bribe.

Congress has become hardened to sensational charges. The license to point out plots and to reveal abuses is given to every representative and senator upon his entrance into the capitol. And almost all congressmen take advantage of that right—usually just before election when advertisement is needed and an assumption of moral good health is useful. But Senator Gore's charges were not of the usual order. They specifically named the man who had to do with the corruption. They involved members of the house and hinted that members of the senate were accomplices. For some time the senate was apparently unaware of the serious character of the charges and even after realization treated them with scant attention.

The senate may consider that it can afford to assume a cynical attitude toward all talk of grafting and crookedness, can let the corrupting lobbyist go free and make no inquiry into the conduct of congressmen who have fallen into temptation. But, in doing so, the senate invites a cynical attitude toward itself. The protector of wrongdoing is equally guilty with the wrongdoer in the eyes of the country, though not always in the eyes of the law.

BLEACHED FLOUR.

Bread made from wheat flour that had been badly milled was easily to be recognized by its dark color. Possibly this was largely responsible for the demand for flour which was perfectly white, since the housewife did not like to seem to be using the cheaper grades. As the bakers came to supply most of the bread, the demand for the white flour was more pronounced and, in turn, the millers were required to produce white flour almost exclusively. All the time the competition and the market leverage were working to bring about a cheap flour which still should be as white as that from selected grain and had gone through as expensive a process. These forces are responsible for the bleached flour over which a fight is now being made in the federal court in Kansas City.

The millers take pains to say that they use no chemicals in bleaching flour, the agent being electricity. This is a case where the whole truth is not told. The electricity performs the bleaching by breaking down the natural nitrogen compounds in the wheat to nitrous and nitric acid fumes and oxides of nitrogen, and no doubt some is made from the nitrogen of the air. A professor of chemical toxicology testified in Kansas City that these nitrates formed in milling and left in the flour do no harm to the human digestion, differing radically with other experts who declare that they retard digestion. The millers are placed between the devil and the deep sea. They are compelled to turn out a cheap flour and they must have it white. But the consumers do not like to think they are swallowing chemicals with their bread, whether these are harmful or not. In this strait there seems only one thing to do—to require that flour which has gone through the electrical process shall be labeled "artificially bleached." It ought not to take long to educate the people to the realization that the darker bread is better, is rich in proteids where the expensively milled, high priced flour is not, is a far healthier product and one free of the chemical compounds, possibly harmless, but unnecessary.

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION.

The bald eagle preys upon smaller birds, upon squirrels and an occasional lamb. The woodpecker preys upon insects. For which good and sufficient reasons the state of Washington has deposed the bald eagle from the seal and given that golden perch to the woodpecker.

With only one member of the woodpecker family have human beings any just resentment. This is the sapsucker, called in parts of the country the yellow-bellied woodpecker. Washington is so fortunate as not to know him. His relatives are, however, strongly represented in the northwest and there they follow the natural trade of the tribe, minutely inspecting the bark for bugs, drumming upon branches to catch the sound which betrays the tunnels of the borers and exploring those runways for the ants which follow the borers and sometimes complete the destruction. They are the guardians of forests and, since the coming of the white men, have taken the care of the orchards under their wing. No doubt they drill many a useless hole just to keep their bills in working trim and, if they are like their cousins, find pleasure and warming exercise in testing the melodies of a tin roof in the first chill hours of morning. But Washington can forgive the ways that are annoying in the light of the benefits derived. She is grateful and we hope she will be as kindly, subduing the small boy of the sling shot and punishing the brute who blazes away at every bit of living color which comes within range of his gun. It means something to live up to a state seal.

FOR AIRSHIP VOYAGERS.

The gale shrieked through the wires. The big balloon belied and strained and swung alarmingly. The aluminum braces bent as if willow wands. A tree branch crashed through the floor of the cabin.

The air, so the aeronauts describe it, is a sea, infinitely more tumultuous in storm than the ocean, full of strange chasms and affected by every hill, house and forest into wild and puzzling surf. This is brought nearer to the understanding by the story of that airship wreck of Tuesday. The sailor among the clouds would but be reminded of an experience upon the water, of a time when winds howled in the rigging, of bellying, straining sails, of the terrifying roll and the awful crash when the vessel struck the reef.

As man developed the art of navigating the ocean he developed the devices to save himself in time of wreck, fire and opening seams and plates. But all that the Zeppelin's crew and passengers had was a ladder and a very uncertain thing it was at that. It is interesting to speculate upon what the regulations will call for in the government instructions to aerial pilots and navigators—so many life-boats and life-rafts, duly inspected and of proved buoyancy, so many life-belts of hydrogen in cans and full equipment of parachutes stenciled plainly so that every passenger will know where to grab.

MINDANAO THE REAL.

Ten years ago the name of Mindanao was much in the daily news. It was to be gathered from those dispatches that the island was a primeval waste, peopled about half and half by poisonous reptiles and head-hunting savages. There was no more awful example of the foolish wastefulness of imperialism, no more hopeless proposition for the missionary and the administrator laboring in the causes of religion and civilization.

The day's mail brought a copy of the Mindanao Herald, published at Zamboanga — the same being a "boost" number. One learns that this Philippine province is neither cursed with snakes nor savages, that the missionary deals with a gentle people friendly to a degree and the administrator is largely concerned about good roads and keeping the blankets over his toes o' nights. The editor informs us that:

It is only lately that people have begun to make bold in declaring the climate of Mindanao delightful. A lot of disgruntled nostalics who would hand in an adverse report on heaven itself simply because they wanted to be elsewhere made it impossible for one to tell the truth about our climate and maintain public respect for his opinion.

Truth will prevail even in that part of the world which Mr. Kipling said had no Ten Commandments. Statistics prove the climate all it should be, and if anyone doesn't like it on the seashore where the cocoanut trees whip in the trade winds, all one has to do is to climb to Lake Lanao, "sought out by travelers for its exquisite scenery as well as its cool, even cold days and nights." And Mt. Apo "offers any desired degree of cold down to the freezing point." One of the Isles of the Blessed is Minando, but not where the lotus is eaten. In its hills are oil and gold. There is rubber in the forests and hemp plantations in the valleys between the forests. The sea is farmed for sponges and pearls. Booksellers, hardware dealers, manufacturers of agricultural machinery, street sprinklers and road rollers, bankers, shippers and cigarette makers advertise in the Herald as if by fixed custom, not merely to help "boost."

The Herald puts the world in its debt for a hundred or more pages of exact information. An easy way of paying that debt is to smudge out the mental picture which the first Americans in Mindanao painted.

The Pennsylvania man whose seat in the lower house of congress cost him $40,000 was cheated. He ought to have had a senatorship for that amount.

HORNETS OF WAR.

Mr. Roy Knabenshue demonstrated a year or so ago that explosives could be dropped with accuracy from a dirigible balloon. The theorists, before that, were largely of one conviction that the airship as an agent of destruction were not to be depended upon in time of war or feared by any army or navy against which the explosives were directed.

By way of clinching the experiments of Mr. Knabenshue, Mr. Glenn Curtiss has thrown dummy bombs from an aeroplane, hitting the marks prepared 18 times out of 20. Since the building of the ironclad warship the military service has obtained no such extraordinarily efficient vehicle of deadliness as the flying machine. It has an incalculable superiority over the airship, its smallness making it a difficult target for gunners to aim at, its speed giving it virtual safety except against chance shots and its soaring powers taking it almost beyond the range of musketry. An army in the field must be as wakeful to danger of nights as it would be by day. Searchlights must be kept flashing constantly across the entire dome of the heavens and these very lights would prove the needful target of the daring aeronauts.

It is conceivable that two armies equally equipped in point of aeroplanes would be brought to a state of hysteria through dread of these wasps whose bombs might fall at any unexpected hour, whose terrible destructiveness might turn an orderly camp into one of wild stampeding, confusion and death in the course of a few minutes. With war, become so awful in possibility, the day of universal peace among nations is brought the nearer.

TWO LOSERS.

The corners of Mr. James J. Hill's mouth dived for the line of the chin when the government asked for an injunction against the railroads about to raise their rates en masse. The weather in his vicinity became of the most melancholy character. It clouded up and rained a forecast of bad business, a halt in industrial development and, for all one knows, a financial panic.

Mr. Jacob H. Schiff was interested in a railroad promotion in China. Tokio quietly sent a message to the powers that be in Peking and the deal was declared off. Mr. Schiff has been investing in Alaska and where the federal government isn't interfering the rival investors are. The other day Mr. Schiff went upon a tour. He said that business was in excellent shape and the promise for better trade excellent. He was so optimistic he bubbled with cheerfulness.

A good loser isn't born every minute.

UNCLE JOE KEEPS CHIN FIRM

Mr. Cannon is still Uncle Joe. His head is bloodied, but his heart is unafraid. He counts upon a fight for re-election in his district, but he has no misgivings as to the result. If the Republicans obtain a majority in the house he will be back in Washington maneuvering for the speakership.

Neither the country nor the insurgents, both of whom may be classed as his opponents, have any complaint of the personality of Joseph Cannon. His profanity has that exaggerated quality about it that lifts it from the plane of mere swearing to the summit of humor. His homely choice of words appeals to the instinctive love of the soil which is a heritage of all Americans. He has individuality that has dodged the ineffectuality of eccentricity. While Cannon's statesmanship is mediocre he has a few real gifts in debate and when he makes a speech he holds his audience.

The quarrel with Cannon is wholly with his political principles. He represents a survival of the unfit. He was of a part, of the very fibre, of the old spoils ideas which reigned in politics for a full half century. But he has no right to a niche in today. He does not belong to the changed or the changing times. As a member of the house he would serve well as a check and balance upon legislation more visionary than progressive. But in the speaker's seat he is the ghost of the past, trying to guide the present.

ROOSEVELT IN NEW YORK POLITICS.

The political formation against Theodore Roosevelt in New York is exactly of the character which the colonel would most desire. It consists of the bosses, the bosslets, the professional legislators and the professional hangers-on of the Republican organization. In that opposition are the men who appealed to the general assembly to halt the graft investigations in order "to save the party." It includes the "Light Horse Cavalry," reputed to have engineered the "strike" bills, caused the "Yellow-dog" fund to be set aside by the insurance companies and builded the scandalous lobby system at Albany. Such a group would naturally be against Roosevelt and would be delighted to take advantage of a situation to show their dislike—when they thought he could no longer do them injury.

It is, of course, untrue that Roosevelt seeks the leadership of the Republican party in New York. A man with a country behind him would scarce reach for the smaller honor of state control. It is possible that the ex-President was experimenting in the interest of his friend, Senator Elihu Root, who believes that as senator he holds a hereditary right to the Republican leadership of New York, a right disputed by Timothy Woodruff and his following.

Mr. Roosevelt has lost nothing by the rebuff of the bosses. Indeed, the bosses have made their own position dangerous. They have set themselves out in plain view as a target for every voter to take a shot at.

NOT A CASE FOR LAWS.

The consumer found little that was comforting in the report upon the high costs of living issued by the majority of the special committee of the United States senate. It failed either to show how the price of beef may be brought down or how more money may be earned with which to buy it. There was no relief to be expected from the report. In that regard, it has not been disappointing. Not even a king nowadays may order his subjects to return to the soil when they crowd too thickly upon the cities. That movement is entirely an option of the subjects. But economic conditions brought about by this desertion of the land, the increase of the consuming population over the producing may force the movement in the other direction. The urban resident, long desirous for "the acre of ground and independence," will be spurred to make the venture by the high prices of farm products. The poor balance between income and costs will force others to seek the country, though their preference be for the town. Committee reports are useless weapons against a broad economic change. But harsh conditions are. They may turn the tide.

NEARLY A KNOCKOUT FOR PUGILISM.

Prize-fighting received the most staggering blow of a century Monday. When the knockout comes, as it may come shortly, the beginning of the last round will be fixed in the records as at July 4, 1910.

Negro fighters have always had to beg for a match. They have been compelled to break down the "color line," with taunts, with boastings and assumptions of tities that bred a wild hate in the "profession." When Johnson was nagging at Jeffries for a fight the big Californian answered: "Come to the cellar below—you and me alone. We will lock the door and there settle the question. The first man to open the door and walk into the upper air will be champion." That was the attitude the white man could take, superior, patronizing and, in this instance cited, terrifying to the challenger by its rude courage. But the tables were turned Monday. A negro is upon the one summit which the prize-ring recognizes. It is he who can wait for the challenger. It is his turn to be lordly, to be patronizing, to tell the white aspirants for pugilistic honors to "go git a rep'tation."

Will the white fighters be equal to the situation? Can they stand the humiliation, particularly after the laws laid down by John L. Sullivan and the traditions built up by that king-who-was? We think not.

Possibly in Australia or England the game will continue to flourish. In this country it is upon the point of wilting.

The worst thing about the habit of thinking twice before one speaks is that somebody else is likely to say it first.

A French professor has a bottle of wine that is said to be 1,500 years old. It could never have attained that age in a dry county.

With the admission of Arizona and New Mexico the senate membership will number 98. Among so many there are sure to be several good men.

Freckles to Tan.

Collier's Weekly.

We hymned the freckle a year ago. In lyric periods we demonstrated that it is a beauty spot on the face of mankind. What words are left to sing of tan? For tan is to the freckle as an apple orchard in bloom is to a single blossom, as the ocean is to one whitecap, as the firmament to a single star. Tan is the freckle expanded, sublimated, softened, raised to the nth degree. How mysterious is its creation—"Beginning doubtfully and far away. . . . First, guessed by faint auroral blushes." Like all things beautiful, tan springs from the travail of pain. It blossoms from the "burn," the first recoil of the sun's rays. It is as if the sun first tested the temper of the individual whom he is soon to lacquer with his unapproachable pigment. Who would think that first flush—blazing face, crimson neck, scarlet ear tips—could ever lead to beauty?

The Edge of Things

Lippincott's.

A Washington man inadvertently overheard some tender exchanges between a recently betrothed couple, who, it chanced, attended some social function at the national capital to which the aforesaid Washingtonian was also asked. It was on the stairs that the happy pair chose to talk the matter over, and it was from the recesses of an alcove, whither he had gone to get his coat, that the Washingtonian proved to be the accidental recipient of the couple's confidence.

"Just think, dear heart," exclaimed the young woman. "You proposed to me but 24 hours ago!"

"Yes, sweetheart," came in thrilling tones, from the fortunate man, "and it seems as though it were but yesterday!"

Pittsburg Dispatch.

He had run up a small bill at the village store, and went to pay it, first asking for a receipt.

The proprietor grumbled and complained it was too small to give a receipt for. It would do just as well, he said, to cross the account off, so he drew a diagonal pencil line across the book.

"Does that settle it?" asked the customer.

"Sure."

"An' ye'll niver be askin' for it agin?"

"Certainly not."

"Faith, thin," said the other coolly, "an I'll kape me money in me pocket."

"But I can rub that out," said the storekeeper.

"I thought so," said the customer dryly. "Maybe ye'll be givin' me a receipt now. Here's yer money."

There is a happy-go-lucky, ready-witted Irishman in the employ of a builder. A few weeks ago Pat asked for a day off.

"Me grandmither's dead, sor, an' begorra I'd like to go to the funeral," said Pat.

He was granted the leave of absence.

Ten days afterward Pat asked for another day off.

"What's the matter now?" asked Mr. Dobbins, his employer.

"Matther, it is, sor," replied Pat. "Shure, me grandmither's dead, the saints rist her soul.

"Why, that's what you said before."

"Shure I did thot, but that wor me mither's mither and this is me father's mither."

He got that day, but when the very next week Pat returned to his employer asking for another day off, Mr. Dobbins was perplexed.

"More grandmothers dead?" he asked.

"Yis, sor, there be. It's me mither's mither, sor, and she's goin' to be burled the morrow, sor."

"Ah, Pat," exclaimed Mr. Dobbins, "I have you there. Your mother's mother died before, you know."

"So she did, sor; so she did. But me mither wor married twice, sor."

Mr. Dobbins was so completely stumped that he gave Pat the day off.

Real Missing Links in New Guinea

New York Times.

ACROSS from our tropical state of Queensland," remarked the Australian, "is the most mysterious of the unexplored corners of the earth, the Island of New Guinea. Queer things happen there and there are still queerer things to be seen, 'pon my soul, there are.

"No, you needn't shoo me off before I get started. I'm not going to tell you about birds of paradise, nor say that Dr. Chalmers wasn't the last missionary the natives served up as the piece de resistance of a good old-fashioned feast. I used to spend nearly all my vacations cruising on the New Guinea coast, and I didn't encounter any of the things that travel books describe. But I did run up against a tribe of swamp-dwellers that came closer to supplying the missing link than any other human beings I have ever heard or read of.

"They call themselves the Ahgaiambo, and have lived in the marsh country of the southeastern portion of the island for a period that goes back beyond native tradition. They use log canoes, which they propel through the miry water with poles, but for getting from one place to another depend mostly upon their ability as swimmers. It's a sight to see them take a dive off some eminence and glide through the water like eels, passing with graceful curves through beds of reeds or over floating masses of vegetable matter, while the sunlight sparkles on their smooth brown bodies.

"They live in houses raised on piles 12 feet above the surface of the water, into which they climb by means of ropes made of twisted creepers. They never leave the morass, and as a result are unable to walk properly, their legs giving way underneath them and their feet bleeding if they are forced on to hard ground.

"I induced a man and a woman to allow me to measure them and take their photographs. Both were well developed from the hips upward, with broad shoulders, thick necks, and long and powerful arms. Their legs, however, were remarkably slight. At first this puzzled me, as it seemed that the exercise of swimming should have brought all the muscles of the body into play. Afterward I discovered that the Ahgaiambo use their legs very little in the water. They keep their feet together, making a sort of rudder of the lower limbs, and do all the work with their arms. This emphasizes their resemblance to eels, when in the water, and accounts for the peculiarly graceful manner in which they glide along.

"The man I examined had several folds of thick skin or muscle across the loins, which concealed the outline of his body. Viewed sideways, his resemblance to an ape was striking. One of the most surprising things about him was that, although almost exactly the same height as one of my Papuan boatmen, his hips were six inches nearer the ground.

"The woman was more slightly formed than her mate of the marshes. Her legs were like spindles, her feet were flat, and her toes stood out rigidly as though they posessed no joints. Her dress was a very short skirt of native cloth.

"As far as I know, the Ahgaiambo are not to be met with outside of this swamp country of New Guinea, and have never been studied by ethnologists."

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE GREAT HELPER

International Sunday School Lesson for July 10 Is a Quarterly Review.

By William T. Ellis.

A familiar old story tells of a woman who told a stranger how he could identify her husband at a railway station: "You will find him helping somebody." That is a mark of the Lord Jesus. As we look back over three months' studies in the gospel of Matthew, we find him on every page helping somebody. The character of the Master should characterize his friends; the best Christian uniform is a habit of humble helpfulness. The best review of these lessons is a notation of the ways in which their precepts have been practiced. Christian Koreans have a habit of committing a Bible passage to memory by going out and translating it into an action. The very Korean phrase for being a disciple means to "do the doctrine."

This weary world wants helping. The varied needs of mankind smite a sensitive spirit to compassion. Dimly, men see that their blind gropings have God for their goal. Nobody can sit in the school of Christ without having a sympathy for all forms of outreaching after the infinite. For the answer to all questionings and riddles is just — God. As William Herbert Carruth has beautifully expressed it in his poem, "Each of His Own Tongue:"

"A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

"A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And all over uplands and lowlands
The charm of the golden-rod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

"Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in:
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

"A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless
The straight, hard pathway plod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God."

"Les Miserables"

What a procession of sad and suffering people marches through these few pages of Matthew's chronicle. There was more physical suffering in the time of Jesus than may be found now in a Christian country. It is almost impossible to collect in North America any such group as gathered about the Helper as He walked with pitying eye through the crowded streets of the cities of Palestine. His influence has expressed itself in this land in hospitals and asylums and orphanages and schools for every kind of need and suffering. Thanks to the impartation of His love into the breasts of millions, most persons who read these lines will never witness such scenes as rent Christ's heart.

Let us count the outstanding cases which the Sunday schools have been studying during the quarter now ending. There was the ruler whose daughter Jesus restored to life—a miracle mirroring the banishment of the sting of death from countless homes since. That house of sorrow was turned into a house of joy by the entrance of Jesus. Hard by stands the pathetic figure of the woman with an issue of blood, made bold by a great suffering, and rewarded for her faith by healing. The two blind men and the demon-possessed dumb man afforded other opportunities for Christ's love to express itself. Then came the Canaanite woman, daring much because believing greatly, and getting the boon of health for her daughter because she read aright the benignant eye of the Nazarene.

Well might He send back to the troubled Baptist, as proof of His Messiahship, the message, "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear and the dead are raised up, and the poor have good tidings preached to them."

The Hungry and the Weary.

Thorwaldsen's great statue of the Christ has caught him in characteristic pose: for as the gentle face looks down, with compassionate eye, he is saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That might well be the "golden text" of the quarter: it typifies the attitude of the Master. He had compassion upon the multitude for "he saw them as sheep with the fleece torn off, bleeding and unable to rise up."

That high ground was not always taken by the disciples, for you and me, they were often bothered by the mob. When the hungry hordes thronged the Teacher, they would have sent them away. Not so the Master. He made the multitude be seated on two separate occasions, while, by miraculous multiplication of loaves and fishes, he fed 5,000 thousand and 5,000 respectively. He is life's great multiplier, taking our littlenesses and making them great. From his hand hearts are fed; and today his mystical power sustains an uncounted host of doers and endurers; and this present miracle is no less than the ancient one which the multitudes beheld on the slopes by blue Galilee.

A Great Man's Friend.

The capacity for making friends who would last always characterized Jesus. The greatest army in the world today is made up of men and women and children who would gladly do and dare and die for him. A considerable portion of the narrative which we have in review dealt with the friendly relationships of Jesus. Somehow, he seemd able to impart his own character to his friends. The law of contact, studied a week ago, had its best illustration in the case of these everyday peasants, his disciples, who became Christian statesmen.

"A Persian fable says: One day
A wanderer found a lump of clay,
So redolent of sweet perfume
Its odors scented all the room.
'What art thou?' was his quick demand;
'Art thou some gem from Samarcand,
Or spikenard in this rude disguise,
Or other costly merchandise?'
'Nay, I am but a lump of clay.'
'Then whence this wondrous perfume—say?'
'Friend, if the secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling with the rose.'
Sweet parable! and will not those
Who love to dwell with Sharon's Rose,
Distill sweet odors all around,
Though low and mean themselves are found?
Dear Lord, abide with us, that we
May draw our perfume fresh from thee."

It was for his friends' sake that Jesus walked on the sea; and it was for their training and development that he worked, in season and out of season. He was staking everything on their fitness and fidelity. Thus we had a lesson on his sending out the twelve on an experimental preaching tour designed as much for their education as anything else. They were to be preachers, with a world-horizon. That sending has been repeated on an increasing scale through the centuries since; and last month there met in Edinburgh several thousand representatives of the 24,000 missionaries whose lives are fragrant with the perfume of Sharon's Rose.

A strong Man's Enemies.

This best friend also had enemies. Trust the Devil to attend to that always. The period just studied includes the growing opposition to Christ. The Pharisees could not endure this unconventional radical. They saw nothing in his program for the common weal except an upsetting of the old order. So they connived and contrived together, to bring about his downfall if they could. But Jesus went right on working.

He did not soften his words. Against the powerful communities of his neighborhood he delivered terrific philippics for they had missed their opportunity. Cities and countries have responsibilities as well as natives. What Christ-occasions has your community missed, or rejected? John the Baptist, who appeared twice in the series of lessons, had apparently been conquered by his foes. Lust and hate had taken off his head. But it was not John who suffered most, as everybody now clearly sees; for it always has been and always will remain true that man can ultimately do nothing against the truth, but only for the truth. They are real victors who go down identified with truth. Gertrude Huntington McGiffert has some apropos lines upon "Splendid Failures:"

Men to bay and laurel bow,
As is meet,
But the whole world loving kneels
At the feet
Of the splendid failure hung
On the Tree.
It seems yet I hear him say,
Who will be
To the God within him true?
Who will die
For his vision? Crucified
As was I?

The Empty Lives.

So many die that have not lived at all;
It is as though they journey through the years
Upon a path hedged by a gloomy wall
Of other people's little frets and fears.
Beyond the wall the joyous fields stretch out
But duty framed by others of their doubt
Has made them feel the bypaths are not meet.

To spend their days with friends they did not choose,
They toil at tasks unfitted for their hands;
They join the chorus of them that abuse
The one who lives—because he understands.
They sing the songs the others bid them sing,
While in their souls are stifled marvelous strains;
They build and they destroy, they fetch and bring,
They fume of petty losses and of gains.

They count as truth the rote that they are told,
They spurn as lies whatever they are bid;
They ban as heretic the overbold,
The one who would uncover what is hid,
And they succeed—they say they hate success
And call another careless, blind and weak,
Who finds the joy they may not even guess—
Who reaches goals they may not even seek.

That if some dazzling outburst of the light
Should show them how supremely far they miss
The core of life, the lasting truth and right?
But Fate is kind and does not deal them this.
It is as though they plodded through dead years
Upon a path hedged by a barren wall
Of other people's little frets and fears—
So many die, and have not lived at all.
—Chicago Post.

How Shaking Hands Originated.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Shaking hands is a relic of barbarism, anyhow. It became the custom in the days when every one carried a dagger in his belt and when one friend meeting another thought it necessary to attest the peacefulness of his intentions by extending an open palm. Then the other man could do no less than make a similarly reassuring demonstration, and the grasp of these two extended hands naturally followed. Subsequently, by a logical process of evolution, the handshake grew to be the conventional form of greeting and the refusal of a proffered hand was regarded as one of those insults whose dishonor can only be wiped out with blood. Now the custom is too firmly and widely established for its abandonment to be conceivable, and yet there are various things about it which render it unsatisfactory.

Varieties

American typewriters control the trade in London.

The camel is in general use as a means of conveyance in South Australia.

The National University of Mexico will be opened next September.

The cost of the transatlantic cable averages nearly $1,200 a mile.

Modern electric hoists are so designed that the speed varies with the load.

The government stamp collection at Washington is visited each year by 2,000,000 men.

Of all the dried fruits none possesses equals the raisin in food value and ease of digestion.

So powerful are the jaws of a worm that the insect has been known to puncture a sea shell.

At the approaching French maneuvers a severe test is to be made of the value of dogs as carriers.

Banana oil, applied with a soft brush to any metal surface after polishing, makes a good preventive of rust.

In strong contrast to the many hot water geysers of Yellowstone park, a spring one ejects ice cold water.

One of the fastest trains in England makes the 260-mile run from Plymouth to London in less than five hours.

At 10 a. m. every day the entire Great Western railway system of England receives the exact Greenwich time.

Rubies as large as 80 karats have been made by "building up," that is, cementing one stone to another.

Mr. Ranken, the St. Louis millionaire who has given his fortune to an industrial school, lives over a grocery store.

The import value of the foreign coin brought into the United States in the last 20 years was $156,252,855.

A national physical laboratory in England uses a whirling table with a 60-foot arm to test the thrust of airship propellers.

It now is possible to telephone from Liverpool to Paris, Brussels and several smaller cities and towns in France and Belgium.

Some enthusiastic Porto Ricans predict that their island will grow all the bananas consumed in the United States in another 10 years.

The United States government has spent more than $250,000,000 for the improvement of inland navigation and more than $40,000,000 for irrigation.

The Portland cement production in the United States last year was nearly 90,000,000 barrels, an increase of 10,000,000 barrels over the year before.

As the long arctic night approaches the polar bear repairs to the foot of a cliff or some other similar place and allows the snow to cover him.

Of the 1,000,000 horsepower which the rivers of Minnesota are estimated to be capable of producing, less than one-tenth has been made available.

George T. Lynch, a 16-year-old Baltimore bank messenger, drowned himself because he had got in debt to fellow employes for a total of less than $2.

Reinforced concrete buildings of Chinese architecture are being built for Chinese use by Chinese contractors. Wages are going up and lumber is in much demand.

The largest railway company in England, the Great Western, has a locomotive for nearly every mile of the system; there are 3,000 miles and nearly 600 engines.

The naval, mercantile, marine and general engineering and machinery exhibition to be held at Olympia, London, in September will, it is stated, be the largest of its kind ever held in that city.

Careful experiments have proved the truth of the ancient belief that by letting down its tail and licking the end a rat extracts oil, milk, wine, molasses, etc., from deep or narrow-necked vessels.

Miss Mary Donaldson, of Baltimore, is suing James Walsh for $5,000 because he threatened to overturn the boat if she didn't kiss him. And Mary, adds the Baltimore Journal, doesn't seem to have drowned.

Frenchmen hold that the finest fruit tree grows in the Marin gardens of Poulon. It is a Banksia, which has been known to bear 50,000 blooms at a time. It covers a 15-foot wall to a width of some 80 feet.

Napoleon I began to learn English at St. Helena and there is a letter extant from him which begins: "Since sixt weeks I learn the English and I do not any progress. Six week do fourty and two days. If might I have learn fivty word for one day I could know it two thousands and one hundred."

Rembrandt etchings fetched high prices at the sale of the Theobald collection at Gutekunst's art room in Stuttgart. One Rembrandt in the Act of Drawing, was bought by a Berlin dealer for $8,250. This is a proof from the unfinished plate, of which the only other one known to exist is in the British museum.

Paris and the department of the Seine have been almost completely cleared from rabies, writes Mr. Martel in a French medical paper. In 1909 only 26 cases were reported, with a registration of 185,000 dogs, compared with 1,052 cases and 140,000 dogs registered as recently as eight years ago.

England's only radium deposit, in the Trenwith mine, St. Ives, Cornwall, has yielded its first infinitesimal crop, of approximately one-twentieth of an ounce. At the present market rates this is worth $150,000. The Austrian radium trust, which has a sort of corner in radium, has arranged for its acquisition.

The recent discovery of practical methods of converting crude cocoanut oil into a palatable and satisfactory vegetable butter has given great extension to the business in Germany. Seven companies are now crushing the copra and refining the oil for edible use. The imports of raw copra have more than doubled within three years.

Professor Arthus at a conference of the Society of National Sciences at Lausanne announced that people bitten by venomous snakes can be kept alive for six or ten hours simply by subjecting them to artificial respiration. He urged that every one living in tropical regions should be completed to learn how to carry out artificial respiration.

Don Luis Tarrazas, whose Mexican farm is 150 miles in extent north to south and 200 miles from east to west, is receiving some government attention on account of the magnitude of his holdings. His "farmhouse" is the most magnificent in the world—a palace, costing $1,000,000 in gold, superbly furnished, with room for 500 guests.

Directly or indirectly, one-tenth of the population of Scotland is supported by coal, with an output of about 40,000,000 tons a year. Average wages of the miners are between $8 and $9 a week. Rents range from $28 to $39 a year; clothing is cheaper than in the United States, but meats are about the same, and potatoes,

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the Latest Paris and New York Styles.

These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2927—Misses' Shirtwaist, with Dutch Neck and Long or Three-quarter Sleeves. White linen was used to develop this waist, the front being trimmed with hand embroidery. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3321—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist. This model is bound to give satisfaction and will develop in any desired material. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3316—Girls' Dress. The pictured model is very daintily developed in any shade of linen or any other material. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2721—Child's Box Plaited French Dress. Challie or lawn will make this a pretty model when developed. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

3121—Ladies' Two-Piece Circular Skirt in Sweep Length and Closing at Left Side of Front. Any of the soft clinging fabrics will develop charmingly in this style skirt. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

2997—Misses' Five-gored Skirt, with Plaited Flounce. A neat model for the young miss, which is adaptable to serge, brilliantine, Panama cloth or mohair. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2501—Infants' Dress. Made of lawn or flannelette, this is a pretty garment for the little one. One size.

2964—Boys' Russian Suit, Consisting of a Blouse Closing at Front, Having removable Shield and Sleeves Plaited at Bottom or Finished with Wristbands, and Knickerbockers. White linen with a blue collar and belt was used to develop this suit. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

3309—Misses' Dress. A pretty dress is shown in the illustration, which can be made from almost any material. 3 sizes—14 to 18 years.

2424—Ladies' Kimono Wrapper and Sack, with Long or Three-quarter Length Sleeves. Challis, crepe or flowered lawn are good materials for this model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

3093—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Any of the season's shirtings will develop to advantage in this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3315—Ladies' Waist. Taffeta, pongee, foulard or any of the summer silks may be used. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2721—Child's Box-Plaited French Dress. Chambray, poplin or linen may be used in the development of this model. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

3312—Childs' Dress. Sheer nainsook, lawn or batiste will all prove satisfactory for the development. 3 sizes—1, 3 and 5 years.

3104—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, with an inverted box plait at center-back seam and side-plaits at lower part of the other seams. Adaptable to Venetian cloth, Panama or mohair. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

3320—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. Almost any material may be used in the development of this design. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

2421—Girls' and Childs' Underwaist and Drawers. May be made up in cambric, lawn or batiste. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2739—Misses' and Girls' Sack Apron, with high or low neck and long sleeves or oversleeves. Checked gingham, cross-barred lawn or nainsook may be used for the development. 6 sizes—6 to 16 years.

3331—Ladies' Night Gown. Cambric, muslin or lawn are adaptable for the development of the design. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3118—Ladies' Evening Dress, in sweep length and having tunic overblouse. Messaline, foulard, or taffeta are excellent materials for this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

HAS JOLLY TAFT TALK

Roosevelt and President Together at Beverly.

Beverly, Mass., July 1.—President Taft was at work in his library when then "honk, honk" of the Lodge limousine announced the arrival of Col. Roosevelt, late yesterday. A smile swept over the face of the President as he rose and moved toward the veranda of the Burgess point cottage.

They met just outside the door and simultaneously Taft clapped a hand on the Roosevelt shoulder as Roosevelt seized the President's hand in a strong grip. "Mr. President," exclaimed the one; and "Theodore," cried the other.

"By George," continued Roosevelt, "this is fine! I am mighty glad to see you, Mr. President." Here he paused a minute and showed his teeth and, then, "It used to be 'Mr. President' and 'Will,' but now it is 'Theodore' and 'Mr. President,'" he said.

And thus after a separation of 16 months Taft and Roosevelt met again, 3:29 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the hour, the Taft cottage here in Beverly the place, Senator Lodge and Secretary Norton present, the rest of the world barred out. For the rest Roosevelt had a "most pleasant time—really, a most delightful time, and that's all there is to be said."

For a minute when they first met the two old friends stood on the broad veranda of the Evans cottage with hands upon each other's shoulders, while evident delight shone in every line of their smile enwreathed countenances.

Forget That Others Are There.

They patted each other affectionately on the shoulder. They laughed in a way that left not a single lingering doubt as to the exuberance of their feelings. They seemed utterly oblivious of the fact that there were others present.

And so it went throughout the afternoon.

When Col. Roosevelt was President and Mr. Taft was secretary of war the meetings of the two men in the executive office at Washington were always characterized by the same cordiality as that of yesterday. White House attaches who witnessed the greetings declared it was just like old days. There was a rapid fire of conversation.

The meeting was everything that the friends of President Taft have claimed that it would be, and the persistent prophecies of those who have insisted all along that a coolness had developed between the two men proved to be utterly fallacious.

"Nothing to Say."

Col. Roosevelt was still in the spirit of renewed association with the President when, after two hours and 20 minutes spent with Mr. Taft and members of his family, he started back to Nahant to spend a second night with Senator Lodge.

As he was leaving the shaded grounds of the President's cottage the colonel stopped to speak with several old newspaper friends from Washington.

"I had a most pleasant time with the President," he exclaimed.

"There is nothing particular to say, is there, Cabot?" turning to Senator Lodge.'

"No, I think not," put in the senator.

"We had a most delightful time, and that is all there is to it," added the colonel.

ROOSEVELT HALTS BOOM FOR N. Y. GOVERNORSHIP

Utica, N. Y., July 3.—About 10 days ago the Republican club in this city passed a resolution putting forward the name of former President Theodore Roosevelt as a nominee for governor in this state. This resolution was forwarded Mr. Roosevelt June 19, with a statement as to the character and standing of the body which passed it.

It appears that Colonel Roosevelt wrote an immediate reply, but in some manner the letter was missent and not until a day or two ago did the secretary of the club, Fred B. Adams, of this city, receive the colonel's letter.

The letter is a positive and unqualified declination of the proposed honor, and is as follows:

"May 1, through you, cordially thank the Republican club of Oneida county for its message of appreciative good will.

"Believe me, I appreciate it, and I trust you will make the club understand that I do appreciate it. But I also ask that the club at once stop any agitation to have me nominated for governor. It would be an absolute impossibility for me to accept.

"With high regards, sincerly yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

IS "YOUNGEST MARRIED MAN"

Boy of Thirteen Elopes With 19-Year-Old Girl.

Louisville, July 1.—Frank Farris, 13, son of Charles Farris, a former state representative, eloped with Nell Krutsinger, 19, daughter of Sim Krutsinger, a businessman.

They were married Saturday in some place outside the state and returned the following day. The marriage was kept secret until Wednesday.

The romance began a year ago, when the two were going to school together. Owing to the law in this state they had to go elsewhere to get a license. Master Farris is the youngest "married man" in the state, perhaps in the whole county. He and his bride will live with his parents in this city.

CAMPAIGN EXPENSES

Those of Sibley and Dalzell Cause Comment.

New York World.

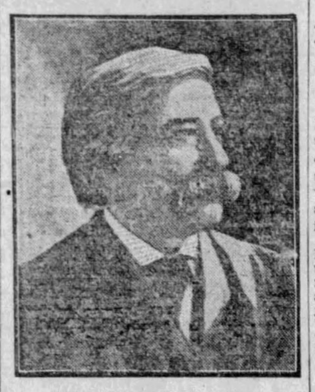
It cost Joseph C. Sibley $40,698.83 to win the Republican nomination for congress in the Twenty-eighth district of Pennsylvania. Mr. Sibley received 10,446 votes at the primaries, and each vote represented an expenditure of nearly $4. As his plurality was only 689 it is fair to say that his nomination was brought about by the sheer power of money.

At the primaries in the Thirtieth district of Pennsylvania John Dalzell spent $9,200, most of which was contributed by manufacturers. The combined expenditures of Sibley and Dalzell in these two districts were nearly $50,000. Their combined salaries as representatives in congress for two years will be only $30,000. Their nominations, therefore, cost almost $20,000 more than the emoluments of their office, exclusive of mileage and stationery allowances.

These facts deserve most earnest consideration from Governor Hughes, who has convened the legislature in extraordinary session in the hope of passing a direct nominations bill. Pennsylvania brings a lesson to New York that can not be disregarded. No system of direct primaries can be safely established without a drastic corrupt practices act limiting the amount of money that can be lawfully used in obtaining a nomination.

It is not enough that such a law merely restricts the purposes for which money can be used. The total sum expended must be limited as well. To permit a candidate to pay more for his nomination than the salary of the office is to invite corruption of the most wide reaching and demoralizing kind. A corrupt boss is bad enough, but when the electorate itself is debauched what hope is left?

CHIEF JUSTICE DEAD



MELVILLE W. FULLER.

Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States supreme court, died at his summer home in Maine, Monday morning, July 4. Up to Sunday night he had been in usual health. Mr. Fuller had served as chief justice for more than twenty years.

FULLER RANKED THIRD IN LENGTH OF HIS SERVICE

Washington, July 4.—To Chief Justice Fuler fell the honor of third rank for length of service as presiding justice in the higest tribunal of the American government. For 22 years he was chief ustice of the supreme court of the United States, but Chief Justice Marshall presided over the court for 34 years and Chief Justice Thaney for 28 years.

With the future rests the determination of his rank among the eight chief justices of history for ability and accomplishments. Before Grover Cleveland sent his name to the senate on April 30, 1888, for confirmation as chief justice, he was practically unknown except to members of the legal profession. In Maine, where he was born on February 11, 1833, he had been known as a well behaved, rather scholarly lad. He had gone to Bowdoin college and incidentally there won most of the prizes for elocution. He had gone down to Harvard law school for one year.

Finally he blossomed forth as a full fledged lawyer and politician of a high minded sort in his native county of Augusta. He became an associate editor on a Democratic paper called The Age, and about the same time was elected president of the city council and then city solicitor. Soon thereafter he left Maine for the greater opportunities of life in Chicago.

From 1856 to 1888 he lived in Chicago, but attracted little attention outside his immediate circle of friends and associates at the bar until he undertook the defense of Bishop Cheney on a charge of heresy. His knowledge on ecclesiastical history and precedure astonished those who conducted the case and his argument of the cause of thebishop before the supreme court of Illinois is refered to still as a forensic effort seldom if ever surpased in that court.

He was a delegate to the national conventions of the Democratic party in 1864, 1872, 1876 and 1880.

The Maine boy who had "gone west," accomplished much, however, notwithstanding his "quiet life." He had laid the foundations for a deep understandings of the commercial laws of the country and along this line he had performed services for clients that were estimated to have netted him an annual income of $30,000. These accomplishments led the Republican senators from Illinois to urge upon the Democratic president the appointment of Mr. Fuller as the successor of Chief Justice Waite.

The nomination of Mr. Fuller, then 55 years of age, was followed by a memorable contest in the senate. The judiciay committee, with its Republican majority, to which the nomination was sent April 20, held up the appointment until July 20. Then the committee reported it to the senate "without recommendation."

Noted for Dignity.

Throughout his service, Chief Justice Fuller was noted for the dignity with which he filled the position. He preserved that manner, whether on the bench or of it. Although small of stature, not more than 5 feet 7 inches, his wealth of silvery hair and classic features made him a commanding figure wherever he appeared.

Probably Mark Twain resembled the chief justice in physical appearance more than any other man of prominence in recent years. Frequently the humorist was mistaken for the jurist. One day a young lady accosted Mark Twain on the street and, with an apology that she had never seen the chief justice before, asked for his autograph. The author wrote:

of the bishop before the supreme court
"It is delicious to be full,
But it is heavenly to be Fuller,
"I am, cordially yours,
"Melville W. Fuller."

The late chief justice, as far as known, never expressed his opinion of what he thought of Twain for playing this little joke on him.

ALL NIGHT BANKING

No More for New York—Institution Now Closes at Midnight.

Washington St ar.

New York always likes to regard itself as the busiest city in the world. It takes itself very seriously on this side, however much it may frivol for amusement and recreation. Nothing pleases a New Yorker more than for avisitor to notice the great rush in the streets and to express admiration at the immense concourses of people, and to protest against the terrific congestion on the transportation lines. Indeed, the average New Yorker regards the physical discomfort of dense population as a tribute to his personal sagacity and cleverness. Give him half a chance and he will talk volubly in statistical terms about the tremendous volume of business done on Manhattan island.

A few years ago a banking institution was started that appealed strongly to this peculiar side of the Manhattanite. A bank was opened to run day and night, never to close its doors. So rushed were the people, it was announced, that it was absolutely necessary, in order to enable them to get rid of their surplus cash and put it into a safe place, that an opportunity should be offered to bank at all hours. Strangers were shown the Night and Day Bank as an evidence that New York never sleeps. The lights burning within the institution were regarded almost as reverently as altar flames.

The midnight tellers were considered as the highest type of metropolitan enterprise and progress. But lately the directors of the Night and Day Bank have noticed that while the lights burn brightly and the institution is pointed out with pride by New Yorkers escorting rural cousins about the city, and loudly proclaimed by the orators on the sight-seeing automobiles, little business was done after 9 o'clock. So having more regard for dividends than for furnishing an object of tourist interest, the directors have decreed that hereafter the bank will open at 8 o'clock in the morning and close at midnight.

The ultra New Yorker, whose proud boast it is that he never gets beyond the roar of the elevated trains, to whom the region north of Spuyten Duyvil creek and west of the steamship wharves in Hoboken is a negligible wilderness, who regards the mayor of New York as a greater man than the President of the United States, will doubtless consider the closing of the bank for eight hours as a personal affront and a traitorous attack upon the city's greatness. But probably the managers of the institution are better judges of what New York really needs, and their disposition to economize may eventually be cited as an evidence of the shrewd business sense that dominates everywhere in Manhattan.

TAKES FIRST BEATING

Roosevelt Sees His Pet Measure Killed.

Albany, N. Y., July 1.—Theodore Roosevelt was beaten decisively yesterday. Whatever may be the final outcome of his first adventure in politics since his retirement from the White House he met defeat flat footed at the hands of the Republican organization in the assembly.

The Cobb direct nomination bill was killed in the assembly yesterday afternoon, after a long, hard fight. The final count stood 80 to 63 in favor of accepting the adverse report of the judiciary committee, which had the bill in charge. The Republicans in the senate held a caucus last night, but only 23 senators were there.

Twenty-Six Votes.

They voted to make a party measure of the Cobb bill, with the amendments proposed by Lloyd C. Griscom, chairman of the New York county Republican committee and favored by Colonel Roosevelt. But it takes 26 votes to pass a bill in the senate, so that the situation was not cleared.

There is talk of still another special session. The assembly yesterday afternoon voted to adjourn at 2 o'clock this afternoon and if the senate concurs and the legislature quits work with no primary bill passed and without having provided for necessary financial measures, the leaders say Governor Hughes may call it back again.

Whipped 'Em in Line.

Roosevelt was the potent figure in the contest. Four years ago, and again two years ago, he whipped the Republican state convention into line, forcing it to accept Hughes as the nominee for governor. The supreme question yesterday was whether he would be able again to compel the Republican organization to follow his bidding. It was a clear-cut issue between the ex-president and the "organization" leaders, and the leaders won.

WATTERSON'S SON HELD

Court Refuses Bail on Serious Shooting Charge.

Kingston, July 2.—Ewing Watterson, the son of Colonel Henry Watterson, the Louisville (Ky.) editor, was arraigned today at Saugerties on a charge of assault in the first degree. It is charged that Watterson, who is 40 years old, shot and wounded Michael Martin, a saloonkeeper at Saugerties, yesterday. An application for bail was refused by Justice Rowe, and the prisoner was committed to the Kingston jail for further examination next Thursday.

The assistant district attorney opposed the application for bail because, he said, it was too early to determine whether complications might render Martin's condition serious. He declared that Watterson had struggled desperately with the officer who arrested him, and that two loaded revolvers were found upon him after his arrest. Public safety, he said, demanded that such a man should be kept under restraint.

Watterson's counsel asked a release on bail because he said Martin's condition was not serious. The prisoner expected his father to spend the Fourth of July with him, and it would be wrong, he said, to ask a man of Colonel Watterson's age to pass the day in jail. Watterson's counsel will renew his application for bail before Supreme Court Justice Betts later today.

PATTEN QUITS WITH FORTUNE

Friends Say Wheat King Has Ten or Fifteen Millions.

Chicago, July 1.—James A. Patten, the "wheat king," spent his last business day in his down town offices yesterday and today will officially withdraw from the firm of Bartlett, Patten & Co., which will become the Bartlett-Frazier Co.

Although it has been frequently said that Patten recently sold many thousands of bushels of wheat at a great loss, friends estimate that he retires for the time with from 10 to 15 million dollars.

COLLEGE SPELLING

Errors Due to the Faulty Teaching in Elementary Schools.

New York Times.

Prof. G. M. Whipple, of Cornell University, has adopted an ingenious and impressive means of setting forth the errors in spelling he has come across in the papers of college students. In 58 of these he discovered 160 mistakes, each of which was made several times by the sam tudnt of onctaoinetaoin by the ame student or once by several students. They occurred after the papers had been returned to the students for revision, with a special demand for correction of orthography, and in no case have errprs been included that were of a certainty mere slips of the pen. The form of presentation of these errors chosen by the professor is a letter from a student to a relative, in which the errors are embodied. Of course, it is understood that no student would make all of them, but, on the other hand, no student of those examined would be exempt from making some of them. The nature of the students' incapacity and defective training is therefore shown as fairly as it is strikingly. We append a short passage:

Dear Aunt: Today I received my diploma, and now thank fortun, I am educated. I have not yet intirely determined my carere. Weather I shall finally earn my livlihood by going into the solliciting business as my uncle's pardoner will depind on his perferences. At any rate, laborous and humiliating manuel pursuits are furtherest from my intentions, as I am conscious allready that the university invironment has proved particularly valuable to me in evry way. My intellegual equippment has been advansed hammonously; by immetation of the best scholars my vocabular has been strenghthened; suberstitions allmost as bad as those of the heathern have ben analised and prooved incorrect to me; my inaetiative has been arroused and intencified; socially I am well acquiped, and, incidentally, the rouhg eges I used to show have been eleminted; again, the discipline I have recieved from the practice work in the labratories of physsics and chemistry, where persistance, courtsy, couraglousness, and simlar qualities are definately emphazed, and the knowledge I have recived from the lecturs and discussions of my professors in bonay, rhitoric, mathmatics, phisioloy, ect., shoud be a sourse of inestimatible benifie to me from whatever angel it is regarded.

Is it not absurd that the processes of schooling which are supposed to fit a student to enter and even to pass through college should permit in a considerable number of cases such ridiculous and disgraceful defects as are here disclosed? In one sense the fault lies with the elemeneary schools undoubtedly. In another it lies with the colleges, which fail to demand adequate attainment in the simple and indispensable requirements for admission to the higher grades of instruction. If the demand of the colleges were denite, strict, and firmly enforced, the elementary schools would compuly with it. At the same time, if the elementary schools were conducted with a true and just conception of what their pupils are entitled to in the way of essential training, the colleges could be saved from further attention to the matter.

ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—CUR-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1071 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

NEW WORDS IN BIBLE

Committee Decides to Cut Out Obsoletisms.

New York, July 1.—The conference of clergymen and editors which has been in session in Princeton, N. J., for the last 10 days, for the purpose of arranging an edition of the English authorized version of the Bible, has adjourned, but as yet made no official report of what was done.

The purpose of the work,however, is to bring out a new edition of the King James version, correcting obsolete words, and so forth. The chief changes made wert summed up briefly as follows:

1. Where a text is misleading it has been changed, as an instance in point the word damnation in I. Corinthians, 9, was changed to condemnation.

2. Where the authorized version has an obscure rendering of a passage sufficiently clear in the Hebrew or Greek text, this has been changed in several instances.

3. Also, where the authorized version is infelicitous in the choice of English words if not actually misleading.

4. Words absolutely obsolete have been exchanged for words now within the usage of good writers. The point was discussed that "halt" is still good English, and while not so common, is more dignified than "limp." The word "let" for "hinder" was considered obsolete.

It is understood that the modern usage was thoroughly followed in the use of pronouns. Another point seriously discussed, but it is understood not yet acted upon, was this: The authorized version chapter and verse divisions are to be preserved, but these are to be broken into paragraphs by the use of italicized subheads.

While the committee proper has adjourned, two committees—each consisting of three, one on the New and one on the Old Testament—will continue on their session throughout the summer at Asbury Park, N. J.

It was learned tonight that at the session of the big commitee there had been considerable agitation for a revision of the Bible. Prof. Robert Dick Wilson said tonight that the committees would do no revising, as those who desired the Bible revised had been defeated, but that what would be done would be to adhere to conservative lines, merely replacing old English words, whose meanings have been gradually changed with modern words more clearly expressing the intended meaning. No new translation of the Hebrew is contemplated.

MAYOR PROTECTS NEWLYWEDS

Says Marriage Is No Joke and Won't Permit Hazing.

Chester, Pa., July 1.—Mayor Johnson has come to rescue of future brides and bridegrooms of this city and has pledged himself to use the power of the entire police force to protect them from hazers.

Last night, while on his way home from a meeting of council, he passed a crowd of hazers marching along Market street with a newly married couple at the head of the line. Calling up police headquarters he summoned a detachment of police, broke up the parade of the hazers, rescued the bride and bridegroom and sent them home in a cab. Then he issued the following edict:

"Marriage is no farce and must not be treated as such. In the future, so long as I am the chief executive of Chester there shall be no permits issued for parades or public demonstrations that will have a tendency to annoy newly married couples. Such matters should not be treated lightly."

AIRSHIPS IN A NOVEL WRECK

One Falls and Is Smashed by Another—Aviator Hurt.

Oakland, Cal., July 2.—A peculiar aeroplane accident in which one machine fell on top of another occurred yesterday, one aviator escaping unhurt, but the other sustaining a broken rib.

Clifford O'Brien, in a Farnam biplane, had circled the Emeryville race track several times when a sudden gust of wind caught him as he passed the grand stand. His aeroplane turned over and crashed to the ground, a distance of 100 feet.

As he extricated himself from the wreck he saw a Curtis machine, driven by Samuel Smith, swooping down on him. O'Brien barely had time to jump aside as Smith's biplane, caught in a treacherous puff of wind, crashed down on the Farman machine. Both aeroplanes were wrecked. Smith suffered a broken rib and was severely hurt otherwise.

PRIZE FIGHTS BAR PROGRESS

Bryan, in Commoner, Says They Are Doomed.

Lincoln, Neb., July 1.—The current issue of Bryan's Commoner declares that prize fighting is doomed in America and congratulates Gov. Gillett because of his interference with the Jeffries-Johnson mill in San Francisco. The Commoner says:

"If we are to make real progress in the education of children, we must sooner or later drop the prize fight from the list of our practices. If we are to make genuine progress in the effort to perpetuate the peace between nations we must make some progress in the effort to maintain peace between individuals.

"It is not difficult to understand why men become worked up over a prize fight. Such contests stir the worst sort of passions in men and are even more harmful to the bystanders and to the reading public than they are to persons in the fight. Neither the black bruiser nor the burly pug is made of the stuff of which real heroes are constructed, and neither is entitled to the respectful consideration of lovers of real manhood."

Too Much for the Bird.

Tit-Bits.

A trained ostrich recently disconcerted its exhibitor at a music hall by continually endeavoring to break away from all restraint and to climb over the footlights into the orchestra.

The widely advertised act came to a sudden end, and the professor emerged from behind the curtain and apologized for the actions of his pet in about these words:

"Lydies and Gentlemen—Hi ham very sorry to disappoint you this hevening. We are compelled to cease our hengagement until the management hengages a new orchestra leader.

"The one at present hemployed 'ere 'as no 'air on top of 'is 'ead, and my bird takes it for a hegg."

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample bicycle. *Write for Special Offer.*

Finest Guaranteed 1910 Models with Coaster Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires, $10 to $27

1908 & 1909 Models all of best makes $7 to $12

100 Second-Hand Wheels all makes and models, $3 to $8

Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE. We *Ship on Approval* *without a cent deposit,* pay the freight and allow *TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL.*

TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, *half usual prices.* Do not buy till you get our catalogs and offer. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. G 64 Chicago

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN In our catalog of RUBBER NECESSITIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, 45-60 Wabash Av., Chicago

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 38 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 44, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

ASTHMA SUFFERERS

I had the asthma since childhood. If you have it, write me, perhaps I can help you. W. F. Wilson, 1801 W. Front st., Plainfield, N. J.

300% PROFIT STORING EGGS Make from 300 to 500 per cent profit easily. Any woman or child can do it. Startling, wonderful method. Write quickly. Offer limited. PRATT LABORATORY CO., Dept. 5, Flint, Mich.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

TOBACCO HABIT CURE OR NO COST—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

NELLIE LIVINGSTON'S love letters from Bachelor Bert. New book just out. One roar of laughter. 25c silver postpaid. Address Bert Bonnell, Fort Madison, Ia.

FOR 50c will mail you 5 yards of 4-inch beautiful silk ribbons. We have all qualities, ¼ in. to 7 in. State your wants. SILKLOTH ASSO., Allentown, Pa.

LADIES, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee Wis.

$21,500 BY one manager in 3 years; $7,000 by another in one year; some money required. Western Oxygenator Co., Beatrice, Neb.

ALIENS THRONG TO U.S.

Total Number of Immigrants Increases.

Washington, July 1. — An estimate that the total number of immigrant aliens admitted to all ports of the United States during the past fiscal year reached 1,035,545, was made by Commissioner General Keefe today.

This is an increase of 283,759 over the number of immigrant aliens admitted last year.

The non-immigrant aliens admitted—that is, those coming to the United States temporarily only—reached 145,421, which is a falling off of 47,023, while the total number of all persons debarred during the year was 24,200. Last year only 11,000 were debarred.

The remarkable increase in the number of those debarred is looked upon from differing standpoints among immigration officials. Some claim that the class of immigrants is not as high as it was a year ago.

AUSTRALIA'S FUTURE

Desolation of Central Area Due to Lack of Rain.

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Anyone who looks at the map of Australia must be struck by the uncharted desolation of the great central area of the island continent. The cities and the railroads constitute the merest marginal fringe of evidences of civilization, and the rivers which would offer possibilities or irrigation are conspicuous by absence. Through the middle of the map, across the white region marked "unexplored," is a dotted line representing the course of the telegraph wires, that are the sole links of the northern and southern coasts. The country has never been crossed betwixt west and east.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical society, Prof. J. W. Gregory maintained that no system of irrigation will ever be possible in the practically rainless interior of Australia, except along the banks of the Darling and the Murray rivers. There are flowing wells in Queensland and New South Wales, but their supply is inconstant and inadequate. But in western Australia the discovery of a widespread subterranean deposit of fresh water makes it possible to prophesy with reason a great agricultural and pastoral future for that region. In central Australia there will probably never be any considerable settlement, except in the limited area of the mining fields. Recently discovered gold fields in the center of the continent are proving, as throughout the course of human history, a potent lure to bring the restless and feverish prospectors from the parties of the coast. As Prof. Gregory pointed out, all the centers of population hitherto have been on the coast, and there is no inland city with more than 50,000 inhabitants. It was thought that the little town of Bourke, on the Darling river, would prove to be the Chicago of Australia, but ahe population, numbering 2,690 in 1905, continues to dwindle.

The artesian well may yet prove to be the salvation of interior Australia. Borings on the route of the proposed transcontinental railway in western Australia have shown the presence of water 350 miles from Kalgoorlie, and Sir John Forster is confident of finding a subterranean supply of water which may result in reclaiming to the use of civilized mankind some 30,000,000 acres of what has hitherto been regarded as one of the irredeemable waste places of the earth.

TRAVELING SALESMEN

Earn the Biggest Salaries of any class of men in the world. Over 500,000 employed in the United States and Canada. The demand for good Salesmen exceeds the supply. We will teach you to be one by mail and assist you to secure a good position through our FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU. We receive calls for thousands of Salesmen and have assisted thousands of men to secure good positions or better pay. A great many of our graduates who formerly earned $75 a month, have since earned from $100 to as high as $1,500 a month and expenses. Thousands of good positions now open. If you want to secure one of them or increase your earnings call or write for Free Book "Knights of The Grip" will show you how. Write or call for it today. Address nearest office.

Dept. 467 National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Atlanta

Lack of the Choctaws

New Orleans Picayune.

THE CHOCTAW, among the oldest of Indians, whose legends and traditions contain accounts of the creation, the Tower of Babel and the flood, have practically passed from history's pages as a race, and never on picturesque Bayou Lacombe, in the heart of the primeval pine forest and wild canebrake, live the last of the once great people—that is to say, the last of the mighty nation, who still maintain their homes in the section where their warrior ancestors ruled—the greatest of the red men.

The Choctaw emerged from the mists and shadows of the mysterious past into modern history a practically unknown race. They brought with them legends and traditions which are often more faithful to truth than the prejudiced though well-kept chronicle, and from these legends a kinship, if only in folklore, may be traced to the other peoples of the globe.

Centuries before Quetzal, the fair god, sailed out of the sun and, landing on America's shores, taught the warthy children of Anahuac the arts of agriculture and peace the Choctaw peopled the great Louisiana country—a mighty nation. Their villages dotted the pleasant savannahs, the blast of their mighty huntsmen's conch shells resounded through the thick forests; the pale smoke of their council fires crested the lofty pines; their pirogues sped swiftly through the reedy banks of bayous and lagoons, and their carved canoes breasted the waves of Lake Pontchartrain and carried the braves on their raids against their enemies who lived on the southern shore of the wide water.

Always in Louisiana.

The Choctaws were always in Louisiana. In the remote days before the flood, as their legends run, they played their part in the strange drama of the race. When the Attakapas, in the western wilderness, were forming their war party to resist the ravages of the great monster, probably a mastodon or one of the last of the huge land mammals, fast disappearing with man's advent upon earth; at a time perhaps when the wild people of the Island of Tir, according to Phoenician legend, still fought the scaly sea snakes that visited their broad river, the Choctaw lived according to the lore that is today treasured in the minds of the last of the race.

Toshkachito, Helleema, his squaw; Ahojeobe, Heleema's son by a previous marriage; Sidney, her papoose, and Pisatuntema, something of a seeress and the last of the story tellers of the tribe, are all that remain of the nation in the Bayou Lacombe country.

Domestic Service for Men.

Ladies' West, in the Delineator.

There are today few ocupations a young man can take up without fear of a woman's taking the bread out of his mouth. There are: Prize fighting, ladies' tailoring, and—do not sneer, young man—domestic service! Even prize fighting may be closed to men tomorrow, if some strong-armed Vassar graduate should decide to capture the championship belt. Ladies 'tailoring may entice them at any time. But, as time goes on, it becomes more and more evident that one field will never again have a woman occupant. Go into general housework, solve the servant problem and save the American home!

There is no reason why young American men should not make ideal servant girls and yet preserve independence. The bookkeeper works from till 6. His meager weages must pay board and lodging and clothe him. What a life! But the general housework girl in a small family—what does she have to do but cook a few meals, clean a few rooms, after a fashion, and collect $30 a month? Not a penny for expenses, a nice room, plenty of clothes given her, and every Thursday and Sunday out! Young men, it is easy. What preparation is needed? Nothing; anybody can learn to cook in a week. Captital? A trunk and a written reference from your last place, the latter readily obtainable from the manager of any employment office.

And think of the happy lives you can make by your charming little culinary surprises. Then, when the family go away for the summer, they take you with them, or—you have the whole flat to your self, and everything free! Young men, it is a vision of happiness!

Who knows, too, but that your employer's daughter may fall in love with you, and marry you, thus, when she goes into business for herself, making you hapyy and comfortable for life?

At all events, young men, domestic service is worth considering. It is an open field, and man can make his mark in it. Why not be a pioneer?

An Approbation.

Washington Star.

"Do you approve of barefoot dancing?"

"I do," answered Mr. Cirius Barker. "At the present prices of shoe leather I hope it sets the fashion."

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE

Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the $1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not one cent to pay. Address R.F. HOSKIN, 391 Asphold Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

THE THRIFTY DANE

How He Works With Adverse Conditions and Prospers.

Washington Post.

Denmark is about the size of the state of Maryland in geographical area. Its soil is poor and its climate surly. It is on the Baltic sea, and there is a saying descriptive of the climate you will find in Sir Walter Scott, "as drunk as the Baltic ocean." There is no state of our Union, not even Massachusetts, certainly not Maryland, the soil of which in its virgin state is not greatly superior to that of Denmark.

But Denmark does not waste, and what is the result? Its population is denser than New England's, and yet it is an enormous exporter of foodstuffs, grown or developed on its naturally barren lands. To England alone Denmark sends butter, eggs and bacon valued at $100,000,000 annually. New England, with a geographical area of 65,000 square miles, more than five times the area of Denmark, imports enormous invoices of foodstuffs.

Nothing goes to waste in Denmark. Everything is "conserved"—we believe that is now become the fashionable and patriotic term. Here is a clime of more than seven months of the harshest winter, frost and snow and ice everywhere, but the cost of living disturbs them not, and in the town or village of that bleak land one may live for one-half what it costs him to live in the average American town or village, and fare just as well, or better, for the price.

Some day the American people must come to the domestic economy of the Dane; but we must set our faces like flint against waste. Rats must be exterminated; weeds must be eradicated; country roads must be macadamized; intensive farming must supplant thriftless farming, and scores of other reforms must be adopted.

If our people employed the same methods the Danes do, the United States could feed the world and have an enormous surplus for slop for the pigs.

When the late King Edward was in Canada, nearly 50 years ago, he received shoals of addresses, and among them was one from the lumbermen and rafts

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

IN THE past week a letter to the Household Page was the subject of my Real-Life Glimpse. In the present week, from the same source, arises my subject. From out of the west came a hurry-up cry for help. The letter which brought it was written in behalf of another, who is keeping her soul in torment and is blind, deaf and dumb to the evil she is working. This short extract from the letter in question is sufficient to explain the situation:

"May I ask a favor? I have a very dear sister, brilliant and attractive, who is married. Her life is made almost miserable by her jealousy of her husband—without a reason, and by her jealousy of others if care is not taken to prevent it. I have talked to her with all the reasoning powers at my command, but have failed to accomplish my wish."

Jealousy is a thing which hath no reason. It is an extreme form of selfishness, and, in extreme cases, it is a violent form of insanity. Jealousy is the root of many evils and of much unhappiness. It destroys the love it would cherish. It incites crime; hampers progress; excites spite and suspicion; creates fear, and does untold damage, especially to the one who is jealous. The one who is jealous is the greatest sufferer; the greatest victim.

The woman in the present case undoubtedly thinks she loves her husband, and, perhaps, the others of whom she is jealous. She does not. She loves no one save herself. Everyone who lets himself be swayed, ruled, tormented by jealousy loves no one save himself, and in this self-loving he succeeds in making no one so miserable as himself. You never can get away from yourself. The ones you make miserable will some time, some way, find escape from your oppression, but you cannot run away from yourself.

To live in an atmosphere of jealousy is as bad as to live in an atmosphere of hate. None can be happy breathing this air, and least of all the one who trims his sails to this wind. It is hot air of the worst variety, filled with the acrid smoke and brimstone fumes of infernal regions.

"They say" there is no love without jealousy. The desire to own and absolutely possess those we love is a common failing, but the quicker we cure ourselves of this failing the better it is for all parties concerned. Jealousy drives away love. It does not hold or increase it; it does not attract it. In the long run, it awakens either fear or resentment, and neither of these is akin to love. In our ignorance it is those who love the most to whom we are sometimes the most cruel; upon whom we inflict the greatest injury. If you really love, you can get clear off the face of the earth if it is for the good of the one you love. This being the case, real love is something that seldom exists. Getting off the face of the earth does not mean traveling by the suicide route. This is the most selfish form of self-effacement. It means removing your insistent presence; it means ceasing to enforce an insistent claim, if by so doing you are being oppressive. Often this is unconsciously done, but you can discover yourself in this sinning if you will think and observe a little, and after you have thought, observed and discovered, be sure you turn from your mistaken way before it is too late.

To try to own and absolutely control another is always a sin against yourself and the other. Many a sin of oppression and persecution is committed in the name of love.

You who suffer from jealousy know how many fearful images you can conjure with your imagination; how you can misconstrue words looks and actions and make them fit your jealous suspicions.

Cultivate faith instead of suspicion, you who are thus afflicted. You shall find that faith will never make you go wrong. Even if it should chance to be misplaced, you have done what you could, and no effort for good is ever wasted.

There are almost as many different kinds of jealousy as there are different kinds of intemperance. In truth, jealousy is a form of intemperance that works about as much damage as the drinking kind. Many a woman who would throw up her hands in horror at the mere suggestion of "taking a drink," stoops to jealousy without hesitation, and, in her insanity, thinks not of the harm she may be doing, and the chances are she cares not.

Occasionally, in the letters that come to this page, telling of home and family, is a line like this: "My son's wife has estranged him from us."

It is always a woman who writes this. The estrangement is usually between the older and younger women—the mother and the son's wife. The part the men folks take in the quarrel is not mentioned, and the men folks never write in this connection. It is easy to read between the lines and know that jealousy has been at work somewhere.

Mother love comes near to being selfless oftener than any other kind of love, but some times even this fails, hence the stigma attached to the name "mother-in-law," though this stigma is by no means always deserved.

Here is a little story, not told from personal experience, but clipped from a paper. It is headed A Mother's Tyranny:

"Mothers do not mean to be despots. Yet they sometimes bear heavily upon the freedom of their grown children, while deceiving themselves with the idea that their motives are pure and that they are doing right. For example, a story was sent to The Christian Herald the other day in which the following incident was related: The eldest son of a family of five children is now a little beyond 40. The youngest of the group is past 30. All are self-supporting, and the family are in comfortable circumstances. The mother is extremely opposed to the marriage of her eldest son, apparently because she wishes to keep him entirely to herself. He has been for several years engaged to a lovely girl, his means are sufficient for the support of a home, and the desire of his life is to have a hearth of his own. The mere mention of his marriage distresses his mother so that she can hardly speak and her gloom falls like a weight upon her whole domestic circle. This mother is a conscientious Christian woman, yet her maternal tyranny is by way of ruining the lives of her children, and it causes her to behave with complete injustice to a son who has reached middle life."

Back of this tyranny is jealousy, unconscious, to be sure, but none the less it is jealousy.

Then there is the jealousy that one may have of the accomplishments and achievements of another. You who have this jealousy, can you not see that you are acknowledging your own inferiority; that you are binding yourself with chains which make you powerless to reach the heights attained by the one you are attacking with your jealousy and your envy? More than any other, your are hurting yourself.

Professional jealousy, the jealousy supposed to exist between artists, musicians, actors and writers, is made a subject of common jest. In reality, this is a much overworked supposition. The real professionals, the real workers in any professional line, have no time or thought for jealousy. They are too busily engaged in doing the best they can and in trying to do better, and they are always ready to lend a helping hand in time of need. It is only the bluffs, the sky-rockets, who practice jealousy in professional life.

Dear, my people, the subject of jealousy is not a pleasant one. It makes a black picture, but none other can be painted of jealousy, and sometimes, in trying to help bring pleasantness, one must be unpleasant.

Have faith, have faith in those you love, as you would have them have faith in you. Have faith that is absolute in the one you love best. Nearly everyone has some one he loves best, and there is no best-loving, if there enters jealousy, the death-knell of love. The weapon forged by jealousy is a weapon turned upon yourself, and it will surely stab you to the heart.

Banish jealousy. Cultivate the noble, gentle virtues; cherish faith and hold it fast, then shall you love greatly; then shall you be greatly loved.

Please be good. I do not want to write any more about jealousy.

Next week I hope to paint you a brighter picture.

This is all for today.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

At home or abroad; asleep or awake; God bless all those I love. God bless everyone.

MONDAY

Let me turn to this day's work with a heart filled with courage and kindliness and let me feel when the day is done: I have done the best I could.

TUESDAY

Whatever comes to me this day, whether of pleasure, work or sorrow, let me meet it and accept it with strong spirit.

WEDNESDAY

Today some one I shall make happy, and myself I shall make happy if to another I bring happiness.

THURSDAY

From sunrise to sunset may I think only of the things I have to make me glad. May I forget the things I have to make me sad.

FRIDAY

Nothing is so bad as it might be; and the things that look bad to me, I shall try to make look better.

SATURDAY

"Absolutely discouraged," "down and out," are lying words. Never should we speak or act them.—Elizabeth.

LITTLE JENNIE RAY

Mrs. Jennie Ray is probably the smallest public speaker in the world. She is 48 inches tall and weighs 51 pounds. Her husband is the well-known impersonator of Buster Brown. She has been offered attractive terms to travel in the same company, but has replied, "I cannot afford to give up my Sunday school, church and temperance work."

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

"KICKING SPELLS"

We are glad to see the dear old Blade coming to us at the end of every week. I never fail to lay aside my work for a short time to read the Household Page. I am glad to see what you all have to say, though I admit I do not say much myself. Now let's be jolly and have more funny things.

Some one said home is just what we make it. I do not agree with this. One of the Morning Thoughts was:

"Most men take spells of kicking the chairs around and threatening to leave if things don't go right but they soon get over it if you let them alone."

I do not think a woman who has that kind of a man to live with can make her home happy. I knew a woman who married such a man. They were not married long until he had one of his kicking spells. It made her heart ache. All she could do was to cry. She soon realized that crying would not stop his kicking so she thought she would try another plan. The second kicking spell he took she went to kicking the chairs, too. He soon stopped and told her that she would break the chairs. She told him he had taught her to kick, but she would not do so any more, if he would not, so which was the best plan, kicking or crying?

Here is a favorite verse:

"Laugh a little it is better
That a smile should greet each day;
Laughter lessens bonds that fetter,
Drives the cares and clouds away.
—Gale, of West Virginia.

In the hands of the women rests the welfare of the home. If occasional kicking spells are necessary get in and kick for the sake of peace. Almost anything is better than tears. By the way, what made the man begin to kick? Who started him going?—Elizabeth.

THE SUNNY SIDE

Dear Cozy Corner Sisters—I have been a reader of the Toledo Weekly Blade for many years, and I cannot begin to tell you how much I enjoy reading the Cozy Corner letters. I have often thought I would write one, too, but always felt that others could write better than I, but as the saying goes, "it is never too late to do good," so I will come with my mite.

I am now in my 63d year, so you see I am not a school girl any more, but I quite agree with Nina Wilson, who wrote that we are just as old as we think, act and feel. Let us ever look on the sunny side of life.

I am a farmer's wife. I raise chickens, geese and ducks and milk five cows and know the meaning of "work," having been blessed with good health and always able to do my own work. Often in the busy summers I have gone in the field and helped out when extra help was needed. We have raised a family of two boys and three girls. Our oldest son and one daughter have gone to their heavenly home, the rest are married and are scattered. We have brought our children up to be good, honorable men and women.

These lines often afford me comfort:

"Somewhere the load is lifted
Close by the open gate;
Somewhere the clouds are rifted
Somewhere the angels wait."

We live in the country where there are hills, but these, too, are beautiful since our home has always been here. I love to listen to the birds singing in the woods in the early morning; they seem so happy.

As this is my first letter to the Cozy Corner I will close, hoping to see my name with those who love the dear old Blade.

I will sign my real name and what all the children call me.—Grandma True, Ohio.

AID SOCIETY WORK

My husband has taken The Blade for several years, and I enjoy the letters of the Household page so much. I have just been reading the letter written by Nina Wilson of North Carolina, and she asked how many belong to a Ladies' Aid society. I have belonged to an Aid society for years, and we have a real, live "Aid." I will tell you some of the ways by which we earn money. First, we pay five cents per month dues, and we have 40 members. Then we pay birthday dues, and we go to public sales and serve dinner. If we serve a full dinner, we charge 25 cents for it. We have cleared as high as $26 at one sale. Of course, we have all our stuff donated, or most of it. Then we have old settlers' meetings here every year, and we serve full dinners and sell ice cream. We always clear $100, and sometimes a little more. We gave a play in the past year and cleared $65. In the past July we made a pledge. Each member was to pay $1 the first of October, and we were to earn that dollar ourselves. We gave a social the first night of October, and served ice cream and cake to our husbands and families. Each lady paid in her dollar and had to get up and tell how it was earned. It was so funny, and we raised a nice sum.

We are going to remodel our church this summer, and our Aid society has given $500, and we still have nearly $100 left. We bought a new carpet for the church that cost $100, and we helped to build a cement walk in front of the church. It is remarkable what an aid society can do when it goes to work in earnest.

I should be glad to hear from more of the sisters on this subject. I think it is so interesting to exchange ideas and tell one another about our church work. Let the men do the voting and such things.

Well, as this is my first letter, I will stop before you find out what a rattle-brain I am. I may come again, if you do not tell me to keep still, and write about the way I manage my four boys and one husband. I have my hands full, but we have a jolly good time together.—Mrs. E. C. B., Indiana.

A BREAKFAST DISH

Here is a breakfast dish that is new to me: Fill a quart bowl two-thirds full of bread or cracker crumbs and pour in enough milk to moisten them well. Let them soak a few minutes, or over night, if you have a cool place to keep them, then break in two eggs. Pepper and salt to taste, beat them well, and fry in cakes as large as a fried egg; or, if you wish to hurry, turn it all into a frying pan and let cook slowly. Cut into little squares and turn.

You who live where vegetables are scarce, did you ever try dandelions in a vegetable soup? They do not make the soup bitter, and are something to fill in with.—L. S. B., Michigan.

POTATOE SALAD.

Six medium sized cold boiled potatoes, cut dice shape, one good sized onion chopped fine and three hard boiled eggs. Add a few slices of cucumbers if desired. Pour over the salad, dressing made as follows: Two eggs, one tablespoonful dry mustard mixed with a little water, one-half teaspoonful salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, melted, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one tablespoonful sugar. Beat the eggs well, then add the mustard, salt and sugar. Beat a little more and add the melted butter and vinegar. Set the bowl over boiling water and stir constantly until thick and smooth. Set away to cool and to make exceptionally fine add cup of whipped cream to the dressing after it is cold, or use plain cream or half milk and half cream.

My Gent'man Friend

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

THE FIRST time I saw my Gent'man Friend I fell head over heels in love. I, who have always scoffed at love at first sight! I, who have laughed it to scorn and derision, fell a victim when first we met!

I, alone, was the victim. We met; we parted, and he paid me not the least attention, though I smiled and looked pleasant and employed every blandishment I knew to ingratiate myself in his favor.

This being an age of aggressive, as well as progressive women, I decided to fall in line with the procession. Not unsought could he be won. First, he must be wooed. He was a perfect gentleman. He made no googoo eyes at me, though I must confess that if he had I should have had no right to be indignant. We have no right to resent goo-goo eyes if we hold out the invitation; otherwise, the best way to do is not to pay any attention.

His beauty was of Saxon fairness. His blue eyes held the clearness of a limpid pool, reflecting heaven's azure. His silken hair had a distracting curl on top, and his smile was of incomparable sweetness, but, alas! his smiles were so rare, and in the beginning of our acquaintance his smiles were not for me.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, neither did faint heart e'er win fair laddie, and I determined to be persistent and unafraid.

Though living under the same roof, we saw each other not very often. These infrequent meetings were all in all to me. Each one riveted more firmly the self-made chains that bound me, and I hugged them closer. At times he did not seem to be aware of my existence. At others he gave me a passing, careless notice, which while stamped with indifference, encouraged me to take heart of grace and to keep on wooing.

A bold proceeding, you say? Perhaps so, but then I loved him well, as now I love him well. There is no sin in loving, even though you be a woman, and denied by convention the right to tell your love.

Ne'er shall I forget the first time he was sufficiently aware of my existence to smile and look pleasant. Possibly he saw the wistful look in my eyes; the look that means heart-hunger and is a symptom of the aching void within. Whatever may have been the cause, he smiled—oh, it was a heavenly smile, though but a few of his teeth were among those present—and the sunshine of my world grew dazzling.

"E'en though I be o'er forward, he shall be mine!" I swore, or would have sworn, had I been a swearing lady, and so instead of swearing, I made a vow by the moon and stars of heaven to this effect: "E'en while he ne'er may be mine to have and to hold forever and the day after, I shall love him till he loves me and becomes alive to my presence and to my devotion."

It was a rash vow and an uphill task! My Gent'man Friend not always was feeling well, and at such moments he frowned. He would not even turn his head in my direction. Every woman's heart knows its own anguish under such circumstances.

As I was saying, one day he smiled at me, and his smile put a new face on the moon. It never shone brighter. My heart, which in spite of vows and things had grown somewhat disheartened, beat with higher hopes and courage, and seemed to whisper, "Be not dismayed; all may yet be well."

He had smiled. Alas! he had not spoken.

After a time I grew bolder and held out beseeching hands when chance brought us together. He drew back in haughty surprise when thus I besought him, but love has a way of winning love, and presently he did not shrink from the hands that beseeched him. It seemed as if hungry heart and empty arms might perhaps be fed and filled. Caution, he was not yet won! He had smiled, but he had not spoken.

Days passed. At last I discovered from afar that when I approached him he watched and listened for my coming. He never came to meet me, but, the little God of Love be thanked, he was unmistakably and keenly alive to the fact that I was in his vicinity. He would have dissembled, but my eyes pierced the semblance of dissembling and detected his duplicity. It was then the joy bells began ringing in my heart, and kept ringing louder. When I sought him, which was as frequently as might be, he gave me welcome. He let me hold his hand; he let me touch the silken curl on the top of his head, and I, e'er growing bolder, one day kissed him just above the collar line, and oh, the base deceiver, it was I who did the blushing! No rush of blood to his cheek stained the fairness of his face.

A little time longer, and the joy bells were holding high carnival. He let me hold him in my arms, and with their awkwardness he was patient, because he seemed to know they were unaccustomed. And he let me poke him in his ribs and smooth the silken hair, which, as yet, but thinly thatches his head.

Now, when he sees me coming, he throws up his heels and gurgles his joy. I, grown bold and unafraid by having won him through wooing, say right out loud, "Oh, my dear little gent'man friend, you are so lovely. I'm going to squeeze you most to death."

Be it known, if you chance not to know it, my Gent'man Friend is little Baby Ralph, less than two years old, and not a bit older. I have won him through wooing, but as yet he has not spoken. Here's hoping.

FROM AN OLD VOLUME

ONE of the things that has been in my life all of my life, is a bound volume of Godey's Lady's Books, which belongs to my mother, and has belonged to her for the greater part of her life. Before I could read, I looked at its pictures. When I could read, I read and re-read its stories, finding in the sentimental love tales, and highly moral teachings, strange food for childish reflection.

The book has come and gone in my life and memory, all the life that I have lived. It has dropped out, for years at a time, but it always comes back. Hung away in the portrait gallery of my memory, always has been a picture of this book and its contents, even to the bits of dry, flat-pressed flowers which I found between its leaves when first I found the volume. Many of the flowers remain between its pages still. I think that I have been the one who has used the book the most, and I was always careful not to destroy the flowers. Probably they were placed there by my mother, though I have never asked her where they came from.

Recently, the book flashed into my memory, after a considerable absence, and its remembrance has brought it into my life again. The thing about it I remembered, without any special reason for remembering, was a picture that illustrates a story called Marketing in a Silk Dress, and having remembered it, I am passing it on to you because, it may be that the quaintness of the picture may amuse you. Of course, to understand the picture you must have at least, a part of the story that goes with it.

The tale conveys an awful warning to extravagant wives, and the point of it is as good today as it was good in the yesterday of many years ago, though now, the manners and customs of writers are somewhat different.

The name of the young woman who is the moral of this tale, is Rebecca. Her description, from the original, is this: "Rebecca Welfol had been a little over a year married; she had become a wife, as many had before her, and will after, with no definite ideas of the duties or position which she had undertaken. To her mind, marrying was obtaining the key to a home where wishes could be gratified, personal comfort attended to, and 'do as you please,' was an especial right. Her own comfort and convenience were thought of, and plans for their accomplishment laid out, what she would do, and what she would not, and how her house should be furnished, and how her less fortunate neighbors would be killing themselves almost with envy, at her 'set out.' Not one thought of the wants or happiness of her husband independent of her own private wants, entered her mind. Not that she did not love him but that she loved herself also, and to such an extent as not to allow anyone, even a husband, to occupy a 'first thought' in her affections."

History repeats itself in many cases. "Rebecca's husband," according to the story, "in many respects was a man of the world, and her extravagance of dress, as it at first made so important a point in her 'appearance,' was not

MARKETING IN A SILK DRESS.

felt to be a tax—but the honeymoon over, and various matters occurring to show him that more attention was paid to dress and appearance than was paid to cleanliness and comfort, he began to debate the matter in his own mind, and found he had not such a prize of a wife as he at first imagined. He had mentioned the matter after some thought to his sister, who had formed a resolution of endeavoring to work a reform without making herself open to the charge of officiousness."

Here was where the husband made his mistake. His name was George, and in the case of this reform, he should have "let George do it."

The first step in reform taken by the sister, was to remonstrate with Rebecca about wearing her silk dress to go marketing in. Naturally this was enough to make Rebecca wear it. What happened to it is told by the picture. It met with all sorts of slight mishaps in the beginning, but the most serious one came from a large fish attached to the basket of a butcher boy, who was employed in the delicate operation of variegating the dresses of the crowd with thin greasy slime from its scales. Coming across that of Mrs. Welfol, he was careful to leave his mark in as bold a manner as possible. Her little negro girl who was straining under the weight of a basket (filled with more than was required, so that the crowd in the market house could see that Mrs. Welfol was able to buy largely), saw the fish daubed against her dress, but was so overladen as to be prevented from giving the alarm.

This is the part of the story told by the picture.

Mistress Rebecca went from bad to worse in being extravagant, until "eight years after, with four children added to the family, Mr. and Mrs. Welfol were living from hand to mouth in a small house, and narrow street. His business had become reduced, and, after many losses, he was working as a journeyman, with work only part of the time. How far Rebecca contributed to bring about this state of affairs, the reader can judge."

Therein lies the awful warning.

I think I shall find more material for stories and more pictures in this old volume belonging to my mother, and it may be they will prove interesting and amusing to you. Here's hoping.—Elizabeth.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

M. G. R.

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Elizabeth, may I join your merry circle this beautiful afternoon?

(Yes, sir, you may.—Elizabeth.)

The Blade is a weekly visitor to our home, and I have enjoyed the M. G. R. letters immensely, as I happen to be acquainted with some of its members.

My dear Clyde, of Alabama, I am afraid you are presuming and imagining too much about The Tennessee Coon. Now, I think I am acquainted with her, and I suppose she left the impression upon your mind that she, herself, was asking for "pity." Bah! She would not think of such a thing, and I'll tell you why. Should the Tennessee Coon have battles, she knows how to dodge and strike, and I did not understand her letter as you did. She only said that some women were "more" to be pitied than censured. I am aware that you may "pity" some women and they will look for it, and I am also aware that you may "censure" some women and they will look for it; in fact they will be expecting it every time you come about the house. I know, too, that it is a rare thing for a man to take the woman side of a question, and perhaps I may be termed queer, or henpecked, but if it should be the latter, my dear M. G. R.'s, you will have to guess again.

To my mind the most pitiful-looking object of all earth's creatures is a henpecked man, unless you reverse the thing and make the woman the victim, and then to call her a pitiful-looking object does not half tell it. Did you ever see one? I have had the pleasure of meeting quite a few in my travels and their memory tarries with me.

I should not think any woman would want to be pitied, and I am doubly sure that she does not want to be censured, but I'll tell you what most of them would like to have. It is some of that praise you kept in store for them back in the courting days. They would value it more than gold. Just try it on one, you men folks, and take my word for it, she will never have a fit of the blues.

As for the man who "goes down in his jeans" and settles the bills, I do not see why he should ask for pity. All true wives are as much interested in the financial welfare as the man can be, and work just as hard to help meet those "bills."

Perhaps Clyde of Alabama is like the man I once heard say to his wife: "It's none of your business what I do with my money. I work for it."

It was as if he were saying: "I make the living. You do nothing towards it."

I have known the woman who was thus spoken to, to be sewing or working at something in interest of her little flock at night, long after "John" had retired to his rest.

Let your wife know you appreciate her help and she will want no other reward. Show her by your words and actions that you admire her above all women, and then, on your home comings, you will find your sweetheart of the dear, old days. For fear some may say: "Let her start the game," I will just ask if, back in those days, wouldn't you have thought her bold, to "start the game?"

If the length of my first letter has not tried some one's patience there may come another time when you shall hear from—Old Rambling Sam, Oregon City, Oregon.

You're all right, Old Rambling. Chivalrous Sam, but I beg leave to say that while we stick to the conventionalities which forbid a woman to "start the game," she must at least keep up her end of it so long as the game is going. Join us again.—Elizabeth.

Please, dear friends, will you lend me your ears? The arrival of our dear Blade today rekindled the desire which I have had for some time to make myself heard, if not seen.

I live in the dear old Keystone State. I have lived in the country for two years, and have grown to love it. Do you not think everyone who lives for the joy of living can get enjoyment out of life? I am a high school graduate, and enjoy every simple pleasure, even to playing with the children. Did I hear someone say, "tomboy?" Well, perhaps I am, but it is so nice to get out in the free, open air. I take much pleasure, also, in reading and I love poetry and nature; in fact, I love everything. This is a favorite piece of mine:

If thou art worn and hard beset
With troubles that thou wouldst forget;
If thou wouldst learn a lesson that will keep
Your heart from sorrow and your soul from sleep—
Go to the woods and hills.
No tears dim the bright look that nature wears.

Is this not true? Nature is my sure cure for all blues. This is a quiet place. There are no young girls with whom to chum, but I have many dear friends in the town where I went to school, and—oh, you letters and cards! My mail is another source of great pleasure.

I think teaching is a grand vocation, and expect some day to "reign supreme" in a school room.

The Man Behind the Desk, how I should love to know you. I liked Raoul de Coubert's letters which appeared several months ago, and thought his ideal of womanhood was fine. Well, dear comrades, be good and you'll be happy.—Maplehurst, Pennsylvania.

Dear M. G. R.'s—I have been greatly interested in your letters, and thought I would ask admittance. I have been a reader of the Household Page for some time, and I enjoy it very much. I am alone in this wide world so far as kin folk are concerned, as I have not a relation to my name, that I can hear of. I was left alone when I was but 6 years old, to go from place to place, rocking and caring for babies to make my living. I thank God that now I have a home and a loving husband and a dear little baby girl two years old. I do all I can to make my dear man happy, and he does the same for me. I make all the garden and attend to it. I help bolt tires in my husband's shop, help to paint wagons and carriages, and make cushions and awnings. I do my housework at night and my man helps me all through my work, so we need not have a business partner, for I am my husband's and he is mine, and that is all we need. I do not have much spare time only on Sundays, and then I read all day. Our neighbors are very good. They come in and help me all they can, and we are all happy together. I am the youngest of all. I shall be 25 in September. I was married when I was 14 years old. I am always happy, for I do all I can to make the whole world happy.

Well, I guess if I do not close my long letter you will have to take the back seat too long, and that will not do, for we all want a chance to speak. —Yours, truly, Mrs. E. L. H., Pennsylvania.

"LET HER DROP"

"Now, children," said the teacher, "let us see if we can't all be quiet. Just see how still you can be—so still you can hear a pin drop."

After several moments of profound silence, a boy in the back seat called out:

"Let her drop, teacher!"—Lippincott's.

POETS' CORNER

THE RAGGEDY MAN

By James Whitcomb Riley.

O the raggedy man! he works fer pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobbley calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girls says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, the Raggedy Man—he's ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do—
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shook a apple down fer me—
An' nother'n, too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' nother'n, too, fer the Raggedy Man.
Ain't he a awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'm, ef I be good sometimes;
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squiddgicum-Squees, 'at swallers therselves!
An' w'ite by the pump in our pasture lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Ain't he a funnny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time when he
Was makin' a little bow-'n orry fer me,
Says: "When you're big like your pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?
Er what air you go' to be? Goodness knows?"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann!
An' I say "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man—
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

THE PICKET GUARD

By W. H. Goodwin.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac tonight,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rook to the fountain,
As he thinks of the two in the low trundle bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then—
The night when the love, yet unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes
He dashed off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle. "Ha! Mary, goodby!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac tonight—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

SOME POINTERS

BY ELIZABETH.

Out of the blackest night there comes the glorious sun.

We must always be learning, so long as we live. One thing most important to learn, is to know when we are wrong and to be able to change our mind and way. We need not always tell it. To act it is enough.

Many a sin of oppression, omission and persecution is committed in the name of love.

You women! You are damaging the man you think you love, when you keep him constantly dangling at your heels.

Forget yourself once in a while and you will be happier.

If you want to make happy the ones you love, the quickest and surest way is to act happy yourself. Being gloomy because you cannot make others happy is like killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

In these days more wisdom than senility comes with age.

The woman who sits and rocks and does nothing while she abuses her husband, the man by whom she is fed, clothed and sheltered, is not a lovely sight to see. Some day she will have to come to with a jolt.

There are things for women to do in life, other than to sit around and be supported.

Study books as you may, the only way you can get knowledge of real life is to study people.

And while you are studying people, you must "for sure" cultivate charity and patience, even as you may need charity and patience for yourself.

I know a woman who thinks the hand of all the world is against her. It is her hand that is against all the world, therefore she suffers accordingly.

There is never any use in getting mad. It never gets you anything or gets you anywhere.

Cultivate faith instead of suspicion. You will be much happier and you will help others to be faithful to their trust.

Love yourself the least of anyone and you will find yourself most loved.

Keep on being pleasant.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL

Author Unknown.

He lay upon his dying bed, his eyes were growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called his weeping son to him.
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said;
"I bow to heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring
the sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought—the soldier's eye lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
he murmured Warren's name!
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold;
but what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me now, the sword
of Bunker Hill.

"'Twas on that dread immortal day, I
dared a Briton's hand,
A captain raised this blade on me—I
tore it from his hand;
And while the glorious battle raged, it
lightened freedom's will;
For, boy, the god of battles blest the
sword of Bunker Hill.

"Then keep the sword," his accents
broke, a smile and he was dead;
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the
blade upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains—
its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless the sire and
sword of Bunker Hill.

RING THE BELL SOFTLY

By W. Dexter Smith.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers,
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright, golden shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in,
Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light,
Weary with sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labor and welcoming sleep,
Some one's departed to heaven's glad shore—
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Angels are anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,
Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest.
Yes, there is one more in angelic bliss,
One less to cherish and one less to kiss,
One more departed to heaven's bright shore—
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

POEMS REQUESTED.

Wanted: The song having these lines:

In days of old, when knights were bold,
And barons held full sway.

Title of poem wanted: The Duty of Scholarship.

Can anyone give the words of this song:

We love the land that gave us birth,
The dearest land of all this earth.

The good night song, of which the following lines are the chorus, is requested:

Good night, good night,
Kind friends we now say good night.

Who knows the remainder of this song?

Only three leaves of shamrock,
To deck the soldier's grave.

Two songs that are inquired for are: You Are Welcome as the Flowers in May, and I Have Come from the Mountains of the Old Granite State.

A FAMOUS EPIC.

I will render the famous epic, concerning the doughty deed of one little Jack Horner, in this language,
Little Jack Horner
Makee sit inside corner,
Chow-chow he Clismas pie;
He put inside t'um,
Hab catchee one plum,
"Hai yah, what one good chilo my!"
—Eliot Kays Stone, in the July Pacific Monthly.

TUMOR OF YEARS GROWTH

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Holly Springs, Miss.—"Words are inadequate for me to express what

your wonderful medicines have done for me. The doctors said I had a tumor, and I had an operation, but was soon as bad again as ever. I wrote to you for advice, and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as you told me to do. I am glad to say that now I look and feel so well that my friends keep asking me what has helped me so much, and I gladly recommend your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Willie Edwards, Holly Springs, Miss.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy—tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy, and should give everyone confidence.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

AGENTS MONEY-MAKER
Illustrious Career of Theodore Roosevelt
NEW, just off press—Swift seller—$10.00 to $20.00 per day made easily. Big Book, full of Late Pictures—also Thrilling African Hunt Experiences—low retail $1.50. Agents make 75 cts. on each sale. Send 15 cts. for outfit and full instructions at once. W. R. VANSANT, Publisher, CHICAGO, ILL.

New copper plate portrait of Roosevelt for framing, 16x20 inches, free with outfit.

ASKELL FOR SENATE

iticians Believe Oklaho- a Governor Is Aided by Gore Charges.

thrie, Okla., July 2.—Is Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, after a in the United States senate, and e charges recently made by Sena- P. Gore, which created a national tion, constitute a part of a gi- e plan to shelve the political en- of Governor Haskell and to blaze y for him to succeed Robert L. as United States senator from oma in 1912.

ese questions are being asked by Oklahoma politicians who have ed from the outset that Governor ell has devised a far reaching to control the election of the next nor of Oklahoma as a means of g the way for his senatorial am- s.

s generally conceded that Govern- askell at the present time is using rganization to secure the nomina- nd election of Lee Cruce, of Ard- as the next governor. It is equal- tent that he has been lending his influence against W. H. Murray shomingo, who is the chief oppon- of Cruce for the Democratic guber- ial nomination and who thus far nown a disposition to steer clear e Haskell band wagon in the pres- ampaign.

Cruce Men Jubilant.

en Senator Gore preferred his es against J. F. McMurray in the d States senate the Cruce politic- in Oklahoma could not conceal elation, openly avowing that the es would help the candidacy of e and injure the chances of Mur- secure the Democratic guberna- l nomination.

a speech at Lawton Cruce is cred- ith declaring that Murray favors urchase of the segregated coal that he is the confidential advis- Governor D. H. Johnson, of the asaws who signed some of the rray contracts and that Murray ed a grant to the McMurray firm 0,000 attorneys fees from the In- a few years ago. This apparent pt to connect Murray's name with al land contract scandals shows at that Governor Haskell's contin- expects to injure Murray's chance ure the nomination.

Gore May Hurt Owen.

e's charges, if fully investigated, also injure chances of Robert L. to succeed himself as United s senator from Oklahoma, because e fact that at various times in the he has made contracts with the ns and secured large fees as their representative. This would make h sailing for Governor Haskell ld be decided to become a candi- for Senator Owen's toga.

s also believed by some politicians the attempt to connect Congress- McGuire with the contract scan- s a part of the Haskell plan to e McGuire's chances to succeed f as congressman from the First oma district and remove a pos- Republican candidate for the d States senate two years hence. nor Haskell and his organization made every possible effort to se- the scalp of McGuire but thus far efforts have been unsuccessful.

Haskell a Dictator.

e Haskell organization has been sful in pulling two of the six ratic candidates for governor out s primary race. It is expected other withdrawals will be se- until Murray and Cruce and Ross be the only names presented at primary election for the nomina- It is the present Haskell plan to the Oklahoma anti-saloon league e as the Democratic candidate for nor. This it is expected would Ross and Murray in the race only the support which divides strength and secure the nomina- of Cruce, according to the Haskell If it is seen later in the primary st that this plan will not work out f Murray is able to forestall the sement of Cruce by the Prohibi- ts the Haskell organization may to Murray, not until every pos- chance of putting him out of the ng as a possible winner, however, hausted, and it has become patent Murray is likely to win over the ited opposition.

ce is doing valiant service in the se of the Haskell administration, Murray has been rather non- ittal on the subject of the ad- stration.

EAKS THE STILLNESS

osevelt at Last Consents o Talk a Little Politics.

w York, June 30.—Theodore evelt today made his first public rance on a political subject since turn from Europe June 18. In legram from Cambridge, Mass., her he had gone to attend the rard commencement, he advocated enactment, with certain amend- s, of the so-called Cobb direct nation bill, now before the extra- ary session of the legislature of state.

e telegram, which is addressed to d C. Griscom, chairman of the blican county committee of New county and sponsor for the dment in question, follows:

During the last week great num- of Republicans and of independ- voters from all over the state have en me urging the passage of the t primary legislation. I have Governor Hughes and have ed your views from your report. ems to me that the Cobb bill, with amendments proposed by you, e the needs of the situation. I ve the people demand it. I most estly hope that it will be enacted law."

ay, nice work, great demand for men. yourself for position of chauffeur or re- man. We teach you by mail to become ckly efficient in ten weeks and assist to secure good position. Highly en- ble—reasonable—no automobile necessary

for first lesson today—it's Free supplied with first-class chauffeurs.)
EMPIRE AUTO INSTITUTE
Empire Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.
The Original Automobile School.

TEACHER PUTS ON FIGHT

Colored Boy Goes in Ring With White on Last Day of School.

New York, July 1.—Mrs. Bessie Clements, teacher of the incorrigible class of public school No. 9 of Jersey City, thinks that fighting is better than religion for active boys, and so she closed the school term with a fight between a colored boy representing Jack Johnson and a white youngster who posed as Jim Jeffries. Capt. Timothy Murphy, of the police department, who has been promoting an anti-swearing crusade among the incorrigibles, was referee: It was a lively bout, the dusky fighter winning.

It occurred to Mrs. Clements when she saw all her pupils neglecting their studies for fight talk it might not be a bad plan to arrange a bout.

"You see, our Jersey City boys are frisky," said Mrs. Clements in telling about the scrap. "They have rich, red blood in their veins instead of the emblaming fluid that a lot of folks imagine boys ought to have. So when they asked me if they could fight a bout a la Johnson and Jeffries I gave my permission. I picked the referee and cautioned them that the minute there was a sign of bad blood they must call off the scrap. With that understanding the boys got together in an improvised ring at a little social affair.

"Neither one of the lads showed 'cold feet,' and it was a fine demonstration of what I imagine you men would call real sport. When the fight was over and the referee awarded the bout to 'Mistah' Johnson the boys cheered the victor just as if he were a white lad. That's the spirit we are trying to encourage over here with these so-called incorrigible youths. I don't know what's getting into people nowadays, for they seem to want milk and water boys instead of real flesh and blood men.

"We don't want boys to learn how to work mottoes about 'God Bless Our Home,' but we want to teach them how to fight, so when the battle of life comes along they will be able to make good. And I want to make it plain that my boys are not bad in a criminal sense. They are filled with the joy of living—just frisky, that's all."

SIX DIE IN EXPLOSION

Powder Lets Go in Montana Town Store.

Helena, Mont., July 1.—Six persons were killed, 20 or more injured, and a number of buildings destroyed as the result of a powder explosion in the store of the Graves Mercantile company at Boulder, the seat of Jefferson county, 35 miles south of Helena, last evening.

The dead: George Hart, Mrs. George Hart, and her two year old daughter, Mrs. Gladys Mifflin, Mrs. Robinson, Dave Kirby.

Seriously injured: Albert Miller.

The explosion occurred when George Hart, using the building for a target, shot a 22-calibre rifle ball against the wall. A large amount of powder was stored in the building and the explosion was terific, not a pane of glass on Main street remained unbroken.

The telephone exchange was among the buildings destroyed. A special train left Helena at 8 o'clock with a corps of doctors and nurses, while still others were sent out in automobiles. The mayor of the town telegraphed Helena for assistance.

DECLARES FOR DEATH

Enemies of Society Should Die, Judge Says.

Milwaukee, June 30.—"An habitual incorrigible enemy of society should be solemnly adjudged to be put to death." Judge George C. Holt, of the United States district court of New York, made this statement before the Wisconsin State Bar association yesterday afternoon. He spoke on "The Extent of Unpunished Crime in This Country and the Remedies for It."

The jurist said that the tendency to mob violence and the extent of unpunished crime were the greatest menace to American society. Three hundred thousand people have taken part in lynchings in this country in the last 40 years, according to the judge's statistics, and every one of them, he said, was guilty of murder if they acted wilfully, yet no person has ever yet been convicted of murder for taking part in a lynching. He estimated that there are 100,000 unhanged murderers of this type, most of whom live in the southern states.

Police Powerless.

He said that in the southern states, where night riders regulate tobacco cultivation by force, a condition of anarchy prevails.

He deplored the number of black hand murders and the number of people killed annually by fast automobile drivers, and the weakness of the courts and the police to punish the guilty.

WALSH HASN'T ASKED LIBERTY

Banker May, However, Petition for Pardon.

Washington, July 2.—A conference over the case of John R. Walsh, the Chicago banker now in prison, was held at the department of justice today. George T. Buckingham, of Chicago, counsel for Walsh, had a long talk with pardon attorney Finch in which the whole question of the banker's case was discussed.

The attorney did not indicate when Walsh would petition the president for a pardon, but considerable information was gleaned as to the procedure necessary.

A number of friends have urged the president to pardon the banker, but the latter has thus far refrained from sending any petition.

The report of the associate alumnae of Barnard college shows that of the 798 graduates in the 17 classes 110 hold advanced degrees—94 that of master of arts, four that of doctor of philosophy, four that of bachelor of laws, four that of doctor of medicine, one that f bachelor of doctor of medicine, one that of bachelor of science of education and one that of bachelor of divinity. About 34 per cent are engaged in teaching and about 27 per cent are married.

TAFT GIVES NEW HOMES

Puts Half Million Acres in Reach of Farmers by New Act.

Washington, July 1.—Another step toward checking the emigration of American farmers to Canada was taken today when President Taft signed proclamations eliminating nearly half a million acres from the national forest reserves in three western states.

The effect of this executive act is to throw open to cultivation and settlement some of the richest agricultural lands in the United States, which heretofore has been locked up in the forest reserves of the west. It is a part of a general policy which the present administration has ben quietly pursuing ever since President Taft took office.

How Homes Have Been Made.

Here are some of the things that have been done along this line to date.

12,000,000 acres of forest land thrown open for agricultural entry.

$20,000,000 added to the reclamation fund for watering the desert.

3,000,000 acres of coal lands made available for the farmer by legislation seperating the mineral rights from the ownership of the surface land.

Millions of acres of semi-arid land included under the provisions of the "enlarged homestead" act, which enables the entryman to obtain sufficient land to make so-called dry farming practicable.

The proclamations issued today provide for the readjustment of the boundaries of national forests in such a manner as to eliminate from the reserve land that which has ben shown to be more valuable for agriculture than for forestry purposes. All of the land so elimnated from the forest reserves is open to settlement under the homestead laws, and will provide homes for thousands of American farmers, who otherwise would join the drift to Canada. Unmarried women can make filings the same as a man, and it is not uncommon for a western girl to homestead her 160 acres.

Lands Opened by Taft.

The land opened for settlement today are as follows:

The Beaver Head national forest in Montana and Idaho has been deprived of 106,875 acres. About 98,563 acres of these eliminated are located in Montana and 8,312 acres in Idaho.

The elimination in the Coconino national forest in Arizona amount to 283,344 acres. This forest, with its changed boundary line, will be separated into two reserves, one to be known as the Coconino, with headquarters at Flagstaff, as at present, and the other to named the Tusayan, with headquarters at Williams.

The Targee national forest in Idaho and Wyoming will lose 60,700 acres, 54,590 acres of the elimination being located in Idaho and 5,480 in Wyoming. The Targee forest will be divided into two reserves, the northern part retaining the name Targee, and the southern part being christened the Palisade national forest.

Another proclamation eliminated 16,012 acres from the Deer Lodge national forest in Montana.

President Taft has taken an especial interest in the settlement of the West and the reclamation of the desert since his trip across the continent last year. On this trip the possibilities for development and the opportunities for home building by the American farmer were deeply impressed upon him.

U. S. SENATOR DEAD

Aged Major Daniel, Virginia Statesman, Dies After Long Illness.

Lynchburg, Va., June 30.—W. Daniel, senior senataor from Virginia, died at the Lynchburg sanitarium at 10:25 last night, his death being due to a recurrence of paralysis. The immediate cause of his death was cerebral hemorrhage.

The statesman's illness began with a slight attack of apoplexy in Philadelphia last October, this keeping him from his seat at the opening of congress last December. Only once since that had he appeared before an audience and that was for an informal talk in January.

The end came last night, also without a struggle. Those present at the end were Mrs. Daniel and daughter, Mrs. Fred Harper and Son, Edward M. Daniel, Fred Harper, Mrs. S. W. Halsey, the only sister of the deceased, and her sons, State Senator Don Halsey and Warwick Halsey and Dr. Waugh.

Late in February, Major Daniel, who was accompanied by his nephew and secretary, Warwick Daniel, went to Florida in the hope that the mild temperature there at that time would be of great benefit to him. At Daytona Beach, March 8, he was stricken with paralysis and lingered for some time between life and death. Finally, however, he was brought back home, arriving here April 24. Hhe was taken immediately to Lynchburg sanitorium, khere he has been constantly under the care of Dr. Waugh.

RESCUE LEADS TO A FORTUNE

Tacoma, Wash., July 4.—Like a voice from the dead is the story told by Oscar Williams, a submarine diver who nine years ago saved the life of an Indian baby whose parents he found dying of Indian plague on Baranoff Island, Alaska. He took the baby to Skagway, delivered it to the United States marshal and it was adopted by a school teacher and his bride, who were entering the interior. Later Jimmy Buzz, the child's Indian grandfather, recovered the boy and had the school teacher write Williams that Buzz wanted to see him. Not until this spring did Williams have opportunity to visit Skagway. He has now seen the aged Indian, who, as a reward for saving his grandson, the only member of his family who had escaped the plague, told Williams of a great treasure of gold sunken in shallow water off Christian Sound.

Three men and a woman had landed at Kulu Island from an open boat, said Buzz. They bought food from him, paying him with a gold ignot. They were in a great hurry to go south. Buzz begged them to go north and turn east around Kupreano Island. Instead the party set out the next morning toward the open ocean, their boat was swamped and all were drowned off the south end of Kulu. Buzz saw boxes of gold bullion in the boat's bottom. His description indicates it approximated a value of at least a quarter of a million dollars.

This happened during the summer, nine years ago, just after the Canadian Pacific steamship, the Islander struck an iceberg and sank in Alaskan water. About 100 or more returning Klondikers with great treasure were on board. The people whom Buzz saw drown were undoubtedly people from the Islander who had succeeded in escaping in lifeboats with a large quantity of the gold.

Williams hired a power boat at Skagway and visited the Kulu Island, where Buzz pointed out the spot where the boat sunk. He is obtaining apparatus, and next week will return to Kulu Island to try to recover the treasure which Jimmy Buzz declares lies there.

NO CLUB FOR ROADS

President Declares New Law Is Not Made to Abuse Railroads.

Beverly ,July 2.— Legitimate railroad interests need have no fear of the rate adjusting power that has been lodged with the interstate commerce commission under the new railroad law.

In a long interview with Chairman Martin A. Knapp, of the commission yesterday, President Taft went exhaustively into the provisions of the new law, and later, in conversation with callers, he earnestly pointed out that there need be no apprehension that the commission will run amuck or that the new law will be used to club indiscriminately all railroads that propose an advance in rates.

Want to Be Fair.

The law was not passed for the purpose of lowering rates or even of holding all rates where they were at the time of the pasage of the law, but rather for the purpose of equalizing rates and keeping them so far as possible in tune with business conditions at all times. Fear has been expressed that the idea would go abroad that the United States government was about to embark upon a campaign of oppression against all railroads, which would be disastrous to the railroad business, with crop moving time approaching, through the avoidance of American securities by foreign investors. This is one of the things that the President desires to avoid.

Won't Help Wall Street.

He has no sympathy with the Wall Street operators and is not influenced by the fact that paper values in Wall Street have declined within the past few days, but he is desirous of reassuring investors who might be scared off by the manipulation of those who have been described as the "light fingered gentry," as well as the business managers of the railroads. He also is certain that the latter are not to be clubbed, that the power of suspension of increases in rates is not to be used on all rates, but only those that appear to be unreasonable, and that the proposed increases are only to be invalidated when they are proved to be unreasonable.

In support of this fixed policy of the interstate commerce commission it was pointed out in connection with the visit of Chairman Knapp that while the recent decisions of the commission relative to freight rates in the west was against a number of proposed increases, the commission at the same time sustained some of the increases and in all of the cases has allowed the railroads until next October to show by a practical working of the rates, as fixed by the commission, the reasonableness of the latter's rulings.

That the interstate commerce commission is a reasonable body which can be depended upon to be fair in all cases is the idea which the President would have impressed upon all business men, and particularly railroad men.

DISLIKES NAME, HANGS SELF

Man Couldn't Stand Taunts of His Acquaintances.

Paris, July 4.—"I had an idiot for a godfather; it is he who is the cause of my death." Such were the words found written on a piece of paper by Polycarpe Mussias, a workman who was found hanged when his wife went home the other night.

Mussais, it appears, had long been the butt of his fellow workmen, who could not stop joking about his unusual Christian name. Moreover, facetious acquaintances had made a habit of writing their jests on the wall of the passage outside his lodgings in the rue Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire.

On the day he killed himself, Mussais found a particularly elaborate legend and drawing on the wall. An enormously fat pig bore on his back the inscription, "This is I, Polycarpe."

When he came out from work, in the evening, Mussais charged one of his comrades with having perpetrated the joke, and was badly beaten in the fight that ensued. It was then that Mussais returned home and hanged himself.

TO EAT WITH GOLDEN JAW

Easterner Subject of Wonderful Operation.

New York, July 1. — A remarkable operation has just been performed at the Post-Graduate hospital, by which a man has been provided with an artificial jaw of pure gold to replace a jawbone destroyed by disease. The operation is said to be the first of the kind ever performed in a New York hospital.

Michael Woods, 54 years old, of Greenwich, Conn., is the patient. His disease had progressed so far that Woods' family believed his death was only a question of months.

The most difficult part of the operation perhaps was the fitting of the artificial jaw. This required delicate mechanical skill.

Dr. Charles Payne, of No. 140 South Twelfth street, fitted the metal to match the bone removed and then set it in place. Woods was under an anesthetic for two hours. Unless unforeseen complications arise, it is expected that Woods will be able to return to Greenwich in two weeks.

A Man Like Root.

New York Evening Post.

In Henri Barboux, who died at Paris the other day, only a short time after his election to the French academy as the successor of Ferdinand Brunetiere, France has lost her most eminent lawyer and forsenic orator. Barboux disputed with the late Waldeck-Rousseau the leadership of the French bar, and after Waldeck-Rousseau's death he was its acknowledged head. His oratory was of the Ciceronian order, and its heavy ornateness used to be contracted with Waldeck-Rousseau's simple and businesslike style. But Barboux had the great virtue in a lawyer of winning his case, and if he chose to combine the interests of literature with the interests of his client he did it after no harm and gained for himself a place among the Forty Immortals. Barboux was of a type that comes much closer to our American lawyer of the highest class than the French man of letters or artist comes to his American counterpart. Our writers and artists do not live as intensely in the world of ideas as the Frenchmen do. But the close connection between law and politics with us has maintained the connection between law and oratory. We have had our Evarts and Rufus Choate and Bayard, and we still have men like Joseph H. Choate and Mr. Shepard in the profession, and men like Gov. Hughes and Senator Root, whom politics has claimed.

Pheasant Farming

The United States department of agriculture believes pheasants will thrive in certain sections of this country and is introducing them here from China and other native homes of the bird. Oregon and Washington are well adapted by climate and other environments to their production, and pheasants in those states are more numerous than quail in the east and south.

MRS. VANDERBILT FLIES

Air Ride Cut Short by Obtrusive Spectator.

New York, July 1.—Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt went up with Clifford B. Harmon in his aeroplane at Mineola, L. I., yesterday. The flight was very brief, cut short because a spectator got in the way. Harmon purposely kept close to the ground for safety and had gone half way over the course when a man cut across ahead. To avoid a possible accident, Harmon rose sharply and attempted to make a long turn and go back to his starting point. But looking ahead he saw a tree in his path and was forced to make a quick descent.

Both he and Mrs. Vanderbilt were jarred in coming down, but neither was injured. The shock loosened several bolts on the machine and slightly damaged the rudder. Mrs. Vanderbilt, thrilled by the experience, walked smilingly back across the field and joined the enthusiastic spectators. Wednesday Harmon took up his wife.

STRIKE MAY HIT 10,000

Railway Employes' Demand in Southeast Reach Acute Stage.

Washington, July 1.—Demands of the conductors and trainmen on the railways in the southeastern territory, directly involving about 10,000 men, may develop a serious labor disturbance within the next 24 hours.

The situation is regarded as extremely acute. For 15 days, the mediators under the Erdman act, Chairman Knapp, of the interstate commerce commission, and Dr. Charles P. Neill, commissioner of labor, have been laboring with the general managers' committee of the roads and with the representatives of the men, to bring about an adjustment of the controversy.

Efforts Unavailing.

Thus far their efforts have been practically unavailing. Late yesterday the mediators held a conference with the general managers' committee and today they are in conference with the representatives of the labor organizations.

The men have voted to strike unless their demands for increased wages and better labor conditions are not granted.

Hope was expressed this morning that a solution of the difficulty might be found; but it was only a hope. Neither Chairman Knapp nor Dr. Neill will make a statement regarding the situation, but from sources of undoubted authority it is learned that the crisis in the controversy is not likely to be reached before late tonight or tomorrow.

Officials here expect that a strike may be averted, although the basis for such an expectation is not known.

ARRESTED AT FUNERAL

Woman Caught on Way to Bury Father.

Philadelphia, July 1.—Miss Carrie E. Lyttle was arrested while on the way to the funeral of her father, Albert C. Lyttle, No. 1841 North 31st street, her arrest being brought about by the announcement of the aged man's death and date of the funeral. Her friend and companion, Miss Maud M. Kane, was also arrested. The arrests were made by Detectives Walsh and Garr on a warrant sworn out by Mrs. Margaret Keating, charging them with obtaining money by false pretences.

The detectives, accompanied by Mrs. Keating, went to Broad street station and found the young women waiting for a train which was to take the body of Mr. Lyttle to Altoona for burial. "There they are," said Mrs. Keating, pointing to Miss Lyttle and Miss Kane. "Arrest them." The women were taken completely by surprise and asked what it all meant. When told they pleaded with the detectives not to arrest them at that time. Miss Lyttle praying that she might be allowed to attend the interment of her father. Mrs. Keating, however, was obdurate. She declared she had been searching for the women since 1908 and she was afraid she would not be able to find them again. She said she had bought a corset and millinery business on Walnut street near Fifteenth from the women, for $960 and that it was worthless. She alleges that the women had gone to Florida and had a good time on her money.

KANSAS CROP JUMPING

Board Reports 65 Million Bushels of Wheat.

Chicago, June 30.—With a crop of 65 million bushels indicated in Kansas, according to a report of the state board of agriculture, as against 52,000,000 bushels suggested by the government figures less than a month ago, wheat traders today were predisposed to favor the bear side of the market.

Accordingly rains northwest led to general commission. Besides, further showers were forecasted for Minnesota and North Dakota, mills were showing increased flour productions and foreign markets were lower.

Harvest reports from Missouri pointed also to a much better yield than was expected a few weeks ago. The market opened ⅝ to 1¼ down with September covering the extreme range at 92⅞ to 99½. A descent to 98¼ ensued.

DARIUS GREEN AT BARBERTON

Airship Inventor Falls Thirty Feet in First Flight.

Akron, July 3.—Mike Paridon, of Barberton, fell 30 feet Saturday with an airship of his own invention. The airship was practically demolished and Paridon picked up unconscious. He revived in a short time and later appeared none the worse for his adventure.

After going 100 feet across the roadway the machine went up with such startling rapidity that Paridon became alarmed and stopped his engine when 30 feet from the ground. The sudden stop caused the airship to drop, breaking the rudder, propeller and much of the frame work.

After Paridon regained consciousness he said the reason for the accident was that he was not used to operating his machine, as this was the first time he had been more than a few feet from the ground.

The recent rose show given in Paris by the French Horticultural society recalled the fact that the oldest rose tree in the world is believed to be one which grows on a wall of the cathedral of Hildesheim, Germany. Eleventh century records make mention of expenses incurred by caretakers of the cathedral in maintaining this tree, which covers the wall to a hight of 25 feet and is 20 inches thick at the root.

SEND SHIP OWNER EAR

Gruesome Threat Is Made to Harry Coulby, of Steamship Company.

Cleveland, O., July 1.—A bloody ear severed from the head of a nonunion sailor, accompanied by a death threatening letter, was received through the mail from Buffalo yesterday by Harry Coulby, president of the Pittsburg Steamship Co.

The receipt of the gruesome package with the threatening letter has brought to a climax the two years' war waged by the boat owners and operators along the Great Lakes for the open shop. Within a short time after the receipt of the packages the government mail inspectors and secret service men were notified. The police of every city and town along the lakes that can boast of a rendezvous for sailors were notified and by nightfall were diligently shadowing suspicious loiterers on the docks.

Although working without a single clew as to the identity of the men, the United States officials are confident that they will soon be able to make arrests. How many men are concerned in the disfiguring of a nonunion sailor and the violation of the mail laws the officials do not know.

Buffalo Sailor Mutilated.

The ear belonged to Edward Frazer and was cut off during an assault upon him last Monday night on the docks at Buffalo, N. Y. After obtaining possession of it the assailants fled from the scene and escaped the police. Frazer was found later almost in a dying condition from the loss of blood and was taken to a hospital.

When received by Mr. Coulby yesterday morning the ear was inclosed in a wide mouthed bottle about four inches high. The bottle was filled with alcohol to preserve the flesh and then carefully and securely corked to prevent the contents seeping out while in transit. The ear had not been washed and still showed the blood stains. The bottle was well wrapped and carried more than enough postage to insure its delivery. It was addressed in a man's scrawling handwriting.

In the same mail came a letter addressed in the same handwriting to Mr. Coulby. It serves Coulby with a warning that he is marked by the men who assaulted Frazer and that his life will pay for the stand his company has taken in favor of the open shop.

"This bottle is a warning to you," the letter says. "In about three days we will have your heart in the same condition that this ear is."

Secret Service Men Work.

Mr. Coulby at first refused to pay any attention to the bottle and letter, but upon learning that the ear had actually been cut from a human head he held a conference with other officials of the company. During the conference it was decided that the affair was too serious to pass by and the postoffice inspectors were called in. They took immediate action and put the secret service detectives at work upon the case. Word of the affair has been sent to Washington and it is expected other detectives will be sent here to work on the case.

Following the assault on Frazer the police of Buffalo sent out word to all the towns and cities along the lakes to look out for suspicious persons and if possible round up the men responsible for the maiming. From Buffalo to Toledo, at all the ports along the south shore of Lake Erie, the police were active in rounding up oiterers along the docks. At Buffalo, according to a dispatch, a round up was made and a large number of arrests made. Those who could give no satisfactory account of themselves were ordered out of the city.

In Cleveland yesterday afternoon Chief Kohler, together with Captain Shattuck and several officers in citizens' clothes, made a clean up of the lake front and river docks. By nightfall 30 men had been taken to police headquarters and questioned. All were photographed by Bertillon Expert Koestle and will be sent out of the city today. The assailants of Frazer were not among those taken into custody.

JUNE FAILURES WERE FEWER

Dun's Report Shows Decrease From 1908 and 1908.

June failures as reported by R. G. Dun & Co. compare most favorably with the record for the corresponding months of 1908 and 1909, the total number being 818 against 1,963 in 19090 and 1,112 in 1908. The total liabilities were $11,817,454, comparing with $12,607,122 in June, 1909, and $14,708,793 in 1908.

The number of failures was less than any previous month this year, and, in fact, there has been only one month since July, 1907, in which there were fewer defaults. The June liabilities were, however, somewhat larger than in May, but much less than in any other month since November, 1909.

There was a gratifying decline in the number and amount of manufacturing defaults during June, the number being 211, the smallest number since September, 1909, and comparing with 195 in June, 1909, and 288 in June, 1908. The total manufacturing liabilities of the past month were $3,346,332, comparing with $5,629,570 in June, 1909, and $5,491,340 in 1908.

Manufacturing Liabilities Small.

The manufacturing liabilities were the smallest of any month in three years. In the trading class, too, failures during June were fewer in number, 586, comparing with 833 in 1909 and 791 in 1908. The trading liabilities, however, amounted to $7,152,383, comparing with $5,122,270 in 1909 and $5,854,765 in 1908, and were the largest since January, when they aggregated $11,000,265. The increase in trading liabilities is due to a few unusually large trading failures.

There were in all 17 commercial failures during June for $100,000 or more, the aggregate liabilities of these 17 concerns being $5,938,814. This amount is considerably larger than in 1909, but less than in the two preceding years. These large afilures mainly affected the trading class and included one dry goods firm for more than $1,500,000, and a grain concern for more than $1,000,000.

Average Is Less.

Of the 801 commercial failures for less than $100,000, the liabilities aggregated $5,878,640, and the average of these small commercial failures was $7,339, comparing with $8,104 in June, 1909, $7,365 in 1908, and $6,399 in 1907. There were 204 small manufacturing failures for a total amount of $2,024,332—the smallest amount since 1907.

The average liabilities of the small manufacturing failures was $9,923, which is less than in 10 of the preceding 15 years. The small trading failures numbered 581, the average liabilities being $6 2.9, which is greater than in 11 of the preceding 15 years.

There were 21 defaults in the class of brokers and transporters with aggregate liabilities of $1,318,769, this comparing with $1,855,282 in 1909, $3,362,688 in 1908 and $660,956 in 1907.

In this country the average load drawn by one horse over level dirt roads is 1,400 pounds and over hilly roads 1,000 pounds. In France and Germany, where they have more improved roads, the average load for one horse is 3,300 pounds. This is one of the reasons why bad roads increase the cost of producing farm crops, and it is a strong argument in favor of improving the roads.

What Ails You?

Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heart-burn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from biliousness, torpid liver with indigestion, or dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at these will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength, from the roots of native American medical, forest plants. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

VATICAN INSULTED

Rt. Rev. John Ireland Issues Statement on the Roosevelt Affair.

New York, June 30.—Responding to the address of the board of bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church, issued May 16, Archbishop Ireland contributed to the forthcoming issue of the North American Review an extended article upon the Methodist Episcopal church of America in Italy, reviewing the statement of the Methodist bishops and justifying the action of the vatican in connection with the proposed audience of Colonel Roosevelt.

Insults Vatican.

He quotes extensively from the writings of Methodist missionaries, bishops and newspapers in Italy attacking the papacy and sets forth that each visit of a public man of America to the Methodist college in Rome has been seized upon by the local representatives of the Methodist church as an occasion for insulting the vatican.

He cites the cases of the visits of ex-Mayor Seth Low and Mr. Fairbanks as an illustration. He claims that the Methodist preachers in Italy are paid higher salaries than those of other denominations; that their work is chiefly confined to proselyting, and that the results have not been at all commensurate with the cost of the work.

Respecting the Roosevelt incident he says: "So far as precedents gave lesson, the vatican could not but fear that pressure might be brought to bear on him to induce him to lend his favor in whatever degree to the institute of Via Venti Settembre. With the purposes and wiles of the institute Mr. Roosevelt, it was thought, most likely was not conversant.

Honor Supreme.

"So far he had had no occasion to run up against its ruling spirit, Rev. Mr. Tipple. The honor of the vatican was supreme, as it should be in the mind of the cardinal; it must at all hazard be safeguarded; neither must obstacles intervene that should keep the doors of the vatican from being thrown wide open in greeting Mr. Roosevelt. So in reply to Mr. Roosevelt's request for an audience a message was sent, courteous and confidential, acceding, of course, to the request, yet intimating the unpleasant position to which the vatican should be reduced were there the least peril that what had happened to Mr. Low and to Mr. Fairbanks were by any miscalculation or oversight to happen to him.

"The more illustrious the visitor, the more was he to be put on his guard. Unfortunately the message of the vatican reached Mr. Roosevelt under the cover of comments from the hand of the American ambassador to the quirinal and was read in the glare of those comments. Certainly the situation was perplexing."

DYNAMITE HURLS BABY

Violence Follows Strike in Coal District.

Greensburg, Pa., July 1.—The Westmoreland coal district is in the throes of a miners' strike, which, so far, has resulted in several deaths, the use of dynamite, many arrests, and much violent disorder.

The latest trouble arose today at Export, when the homes of two foreign miners were dynamited, resulting in the injury of a one year old baby which was hurled from its crib across a room, against a wall. The miners whose homes were wrecked, are said to have remained at work while their fellow workmen were out on strike.

Late last night marching strikers fired into the barracks of deputy sheriffs, guarding the property of the fort Palmer mines. No one was injured but the volley splintered woodwork and shattered windows.

Heavy Police Guard.

An extra heavy guard of police and deputies is on duty today in the district.

The strike in this section is now in its second month, and is the outcome of an attempt to unionize the field. The mine operators, it is said, have imported large numbers of coal diggers. To date several men have been shot and killed, over 50 persons have been arrested, and jailed, and the mine operators are claiming a heavy loss while the labor war is going on.

IS COMPOSING OPERA AT 74

M. Camille Saint-Saens Has Almost Completed His Latest Work.

London, July 3.—M. Camille Saint-Saens, who is in his 75th year, has practically completed his new opera, Dejanire.

"It is all finished with the exception of the orchestral scoring," he said yesterday. "The subject is taken from the tragedy of the same name by Louis Gallet, which was produced at Beziers recently with a choir and ballet. I have made several slight modifications.

"The work is to be produced next March at Monte Carlo, and afterwards will be heard at the Paris opera."

M. Saint-Saens visited Covent Garden last week to hear his opera, Samson and Delilah, which is proving one of the most popular productions of the present season.

NAVY HEAVY GUN RECORD SET

Eight Thousand Rounds Are Fired at Range of Over 2,000 Yds.

Liverpool, July 4.—From one of the turrets, manned by marines of the new dreadnought battleship Temeraire, a remarkable feat was performed in the recent gunlayers' test of the home fleet ships. In one minute and 21 seconds the pair of 12-inch guns fired no fewer than eight rounds at a range of more than 2,000 yards.

The target, 18 feet square, was hit seven times, which sets a world's record for heavy gun firing.

On the Temeraine's quarter deck, in the presence of the ship's company, Admiral Sir William May, commander-in-chief of the home fleet, warmly congratulated the officers and men of the turret's crew.

TORN SKY-FLIER SINKS

Tourists in Zeppelin's Great Airship Descend Safely by Rope Ladders.

Dusseldorf, June 29.—Count Zeppelin's passenger airship Deutschland, the highest developed of all the famous aeronaut's models, lies on top of the Teutoburgian forest, pierced with pine tree stems, a mass of deflated silk and twisted aluminum. The 33 persons aboard, after a wild contest with a storm, escaped uninjured, climbing down a rope ladder from the wreck on the pine tops.

Herr Colesmann, general manager of the new airship company; Chief Engineer Duerr, of the Zeppelin company, and Capt. Kannenberg, who personally had charge of the crew of 10, and 20 newspaper men sailed yesterday morning for a three hours' excursion. The objective point was Dortmund, about 35 miles from Dusseldorf, but a high head wind prevailed and an effort was made to reach Munster, a garrison town, so that a landing might be made on the parade ground by the aid of the soldiers, and it was realized that it would require a large number of them to hold the vast contrivance of silk and metal against the wind.

Couldn't Land in Open.

It was dangerous to attempt a landing in an open field because of the storm, because the metal was likely to pound to pieces. In the high wind one of the motors refused to work and the other two were not powerful enough to make any progress in the gale. The airship drifted, swaying in the violent gusts and sometimes leaning to an angle of 40 degrees, and all the while the enginemen were at work repairing the disabled motor. When this was done all four screws were driven at their full power, under which, in normal conditions, the airship was capable of attaining a speed of 40 miles an hour. But the helmsman was unable to keep his course, and the great craft was swung about at the mercy of the winds.

Colesmann did not dare to turn the ship around for fear of overturning, and he decided to drift in the gale which was now blowing at the rate of 50 miles an hour, toward Osnabruck, which is also a garrison station. If he missed that, he would continue on to Senne.

Rises to 4,000 Feet.

Suddenly he perceived a whirlwind coming, and ascended to a height of nearly 4,000 feet to avoid the worst of it. With the whirlwind came an avalanche of rain. After an hour the Deutschland came down to permit of observations, and it was seen that the Teutorburgian forest lay below. The forward motor again stopped, and Colesmann sent five of the correspondents to the aft gondola to ballast the vessel.

The Deutschland sank rapidly, having lost much gas in the high altitudes and dragged along the top of the dense forest. A heavy branch of a tree broke through the floor of the cabin amidships, throwing two of the guests to the floor. Other branches ripped through the gas compartments and the whole great structure settled down 30 or 40 feet from the ground. A rope ladder was swung down and every one was mustered below, uninjured except for a bruise or two.

"It isn't the fault of the Zeppelin system,"

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EARL BACK TO STAGE

Yarmouth, No Longer a Thaw Husband, is Short of Money.

London, July 4.—The Earl of Yarmouth has returned to his first love, the stage. He returns because, as usual, he needs money.

He is the noble lord whom Alice Cornelia Tham, Harry Thaw's sister, married in Pittsburg, April 27, 1903. Five years later she had the marriage annulled in England.

The earl first displayed a certain ability and agility as a skirt dancer when attached to the staff of the governor of New Zealand. After a varied career on the amateur and professional stage he has reappeared at Cardiff as the author of and leading actor in a musical comedy entitled The Pigeon House.

Stage Name Is "Eric Hope."

His stage name is "Eric Hope." His comedy deals with gay life in modern Paris, for he showed good sense and chose a subject with which he is familiar. In the comedy are plenty of choruses and songs and dances, all of which the audiences have received most favorably.

The earl, as an impecunious, but irresistible captain in the army, sings several songs tunefully. He must be a good actor, for he makes an ideal sweetheart. He dances excellently, but not in skirts.

At the first performances the audience demanded a speech from him. He said:

"You must thank the company, not me."

He intends to tour the country before beginning his work at a West End theatre here in the autumn.

Is Outwitted by His Wife.

The earl "needs money" largely because his wife outwitted him, reclaimed $500,000 worth of her real estate and left him without a cent of Thaw money as income.

Not a month ago legal representatives of Mrs. Copley Thaw, as the earl's former wife now calls herself, filed in the courts of Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, deeds for $500,000 worth of Pittsburg real estate. The property had been in the earl's name since she became the Countess of Yarmouth and the earl personally enjoyed the income.

While the wedding guests waited in the church the noble earl demanded $1,500,000 in return for the honor he did the fair American by bestowing his hand and title on her. It is known that the Thaws gave him $1,000,000 in negotiable bonds. Where this has gone—ask of the winds that have strewn the fragments on the sea of dissipation.

Earl Thwarted in Plans.

Miss Thaw owned about $2,500,000 in real estate. Hastily deeds were drawn, transferring $500,000 of this to the earl for life. But the clear-headed girl did not lose her wits, although in imminent danger of becoming the Countess of Yarmouth.

She saw to it that a trust company of Pittsburg and Deniston Lyon should become trustees of the earl's property, so that he could never take it out of her hands.

Always needing money, Yarmouth started neogtiations a dozen times to sell the half million dollars' worth of his wife's property, but just as often he Pittsburg trustees blocked his plans.

TAFT'S LAND POLICY

Withdraws Vast Acreage to Conserve the Nation's Natural Resources.

Beverly, Mass., July 4.—President Taft took the first step in his own conservation policy by signing orders of withdrawal covering 8,495,731 acres of power site, phosphate and petroleum lands.

The President also appointed fire engineer officers of the army who are to constitute a board which will pass upon the reclamation projects to be completed under the recent appropriation of $20,000,000. It is hinted that there are other important announcements to come with regard to the conservation policy of the present administration. The President has summoned Secretary of the Interior Ballinger on Tuesday for a conference, when various phases of the work to be done will be gone over.

The withdrawal orders signed by the President are the first specifically authorized by law. Mr. Roosevelt, as President, inaugurated the policy of withdrawing public lands under the general theory of the right of the Executive to do anything in the interest of the public domain not prohibited by law. President Taft has acted in the same way.

Follows Administration Measure.

But the right of the Executive to make these withdrawals has been questioned in suits now pending in federal courts, and the President secured the passage of a bill by the last congress giving him definitely the authority to withdraw lands pending special legislation for their disposition. The bill was made an administration measure and was finally approved the day congress adjourned.

President Taft also signed orders of withdrawal yesterday covering public lands and lands in national forests in Alaska, in which workable coal is known to occur, thus ratifying, confirming and continuing in full force and effect the order of withdrawal made by direction of former President Roosevelt on November 12, 1906.

Secretary Ballinger sent on the new orders of withdrawal from Washington. In order that there might be no room for mistake or misunderstanding, he forwarded photographic copies of all of the original orders in which there have been no modifications. The modified orders were specifically designated.

Many Water Power Sites.

This method also expedited the preparation of new orders. The water power sites withdrawn by President Taft cover a total of 1,454,499 acres. The phosphate lands withdrawn total 2,594,113 acres and the petroleum lands 4,447,119 acres.

The areas involved in the power sites withdrawn are as follows: Arizona, 107,550 acres; California, 47,813 acres; Colorado, 201,549 acres; Idaho, 230,971 acres; Montana, 122,515 acres; Nevada, 14,501 acres; New Mexico, 14,536 acres; Oregon, 176,721 acres; Utah, 379,812 acres; Washington, 55,439 acres; Wyoming, 103,396 acres.

The phosphate land withdrawals are as follows: Florida, 27,400; Idaho, 1,102,317 acres; Utah, 107,545 acres; Wyoming, 1,381,851 acres.

Petroleum land withdrawals covered the following: Arizona, 230,400 acres; California, 2,482,750 acres; Colorado, 87,474 acres; Louisiana, 314,720 acres; New Mexico, 419,901 acres; Oregon, 74,849 acres; Utah, 581,564 acres; Wyoming, 255,461 acres.

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I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by self-abuse, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Leck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid prescription in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

GIRL BESTS ARMED BURGLAR

Disregarding Gun, She Floors Him With Seltzer Bottle.

New York, July 4.—Unmindful of a revolver which heleveled at her, Freda Dolinsky, a girl of 20, tackled a burglar in her parents' home early in the morning and floored him with a seltzer bottle.

She followed this by breaking a tumbler on the burglar's head, stunning him, and then sat on him until help arrived. She is the daughter of a silk manufacturer.

TURN CATTLE IN WHEAT

Chicago, July 5.—So bad had drought conditions become today in the northwest that at Detroit, Minn., farmers were reported to have turned cattle into the wheat fields. Only a few scattered showers were heard from, not amounting to anything. In consequence little or no wheat was for sale.

SHENANDOAH ON LAST TRIP

Famous Four-Master to Be Cut Down to Coal Barge.

Bangor, Me., July 5.—On her last flight the fine old four-master Shenandoah, last of the famous quartet of Sewall beauties of Bath—the Rappahannock, Roanoke, Susquehanna—is coming home by way of the Horn for Eric basin, New York, to be cut down to a coal barge. She is due in New York any day now. Fate has variously dealt with the sisters. Fire in the South Pacific ended the Rapaphannock; fire also took the Roanoke at Noumea, New Caledonia, and a string of hurricanes in the Coral sea, to the northeast of Australia, wrecked the Susquehanna.

The Shenandoah, second largest wooden square rigger ever built and the sea's fastest sailer since the days of the clippers, launched at Bath, Me., in 1890, has a career so closely connected with that of Captain James F. Murphy that the history of her skipper is almost that of his ship. Captain Murphy is again, and for the last trip, in command of his famous pet, which is as responsive to his wish as a delicate thoroughbred trained from a colt. Sixty times has Captain Murphy rounded the Horn.

Captain Murphy began his sea career at 13 years of age, with his father, and has been following it, with only brief intervals ashore, for 47 years. He says the Shenandoah is the finest ship ever built. With the biggest cargo ever stoyed under the hatches of a sailing ship, she maneuvers like a knockabout yacht. In the teeth of a northerly gale in Chesapeake bay the Shenandoah outfooted and outpointed a fleet of Baltimore schooners, strong on windward work. She has ften logged more than 300 miles a day.

On her maiden voyage the Shenandoah made a sensation wherever she went. With 5,100 tons of wheat below hatches, the biggest cargo ever taken out of San Francisco in a sailer, she beat the American ship S. D. Carleton and two of the smartest British ships, the Strathcarn and Balkamah, in a 14,000 mile race to Havre, making her port in 105 days. Then the Shenandoah crossed to New York in 36 days.

JOHNSON IS CHAMPION

James J. Jeffries Defeated in the Ring Battle at Reno.

Reno, July 5.—The vital spark was not there. Jim Jeffries, only the empty shell of the great fighter of seven years ago, was whipped by Jack Johnson Monday afternoon before the most remarkable assemblage of sporting men ever gathered together in the history of the game.

Johnson not only outclassed Jeffries, but actually played with the big white man for fifteen rounds. The end, while it came with the suddenness of a thunderclap, was not a surprise; it had been in plain sight from the fifth round. There could have been but one ending, and even the most rabid Jeffries men could not deceive themselves into thinking that the white man had a chance after the fifth round.

As a whole, the fight was a sorry spectacle. Jeff never showed from the start either speed or skill. He did not attempt to box with the negro but seemed to rely wholly on his efforts to reach Johnson's body. Each time they clinched, which was as often as Johnson could slip one or more blows across and Jeff, while seeming to make light of them, soon began to show the effects of this constant ring of swats. There was not much of anything done by either man until the sixth round, when Johnson suddenly whipped over a left to Jeff's right eye and that useful optic was out of business in a jiffy. When the bell rang at the end of the round Jeff's handlers got busy trying to bring back the eye to usefulness, but in vain, and Jeff had to worry along with half a supply of vision.

Corbett argued with him, cajoled and begged him to go in for more aggressive tactics, but when Jeff went out for the seventh he let the negro hammer away, that great big black left hand kept jabbing and clipping ever and ever, while Jeff crouched and fiddled without sending in a good stroke. Once only in those early sessions did he worry the negro and that was when he shot in a straight high left that made Johnson's head go back.

In the eight and ninth Jeff tried hard to get to the body, but Johnson was wary and kept out of danger. In the tenth Jeff tried again, but the negro made him look foolish. Then Johnson shook things up and in a mix in the eleventh he had Jeff wobbling.

"It's all over," said Tim McGrath. "He's got Jeff's number."

And Johnson did. He landed on Jeff, right and left, all over the ring, and Jeff just managed to keep on his feet by clinching. In the twelfth they clinched, while the crowd hollered, "Fight, you fellows."

Johnson, smiling as ever, looked at Corbett and said: "I thought you said you would get me fighting wild."

Corbett yelled back: "You'll hear from me when the times comes."

Alas, it came and quicker, too, than Gentleman Jim expected.

"Why don't your man fight?" said Johnson.

"Why don't you do some fighting yourself?" snapped Corbett.

"I'll do it," said Johnson, as he broke out of a clinch and sent a right and left to Jeff's head.

"Clever, like you, eh?" sneered Johnson to Corbett, as the bell rang and Jeff moved or rather lurched to his corner.

Jeff's face was then a sight. His upper lip was split, his nose pouring blood, an old cut on his left cheek was reopened, his forehead was scarred and his right eye sealed by a big bump. When the bell called him for the 15th session, in which he was sent down thrice for the count, he was barely able to wabble to the middle of the ring. Johnson, eager as a tiger, sprang at him and Jeff received a shower of hooks and leads and as he fell on his knees—a gory, bruised and beaten man—he presented one of the most pathetic spectacles ever seen in the ring.

QUEEN'S GIFT IS STOLEN

Complaint Leads to Strange Family History.

St. Louis, Mo., July 5.—A remarkable story showing the decline of a life from the palace gates of England's ruler to a modest home in St. Louis, was revealed to Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Falkenhainer yesterday. Mrs. Mathilda Schafer, of 122 Westhaven street, asked a warrant for a man who came to engage a room at her house and disappeared carrying a case containing silk handkerchiefs and some ribbon.

"One of the handkerchiefs was presented to me by Queen Victoria," she said to the astonished prosecutor. "The other was a gift from the Princess of Edinburg of Saxe-Turingen."

Falkenhainer took a long breath and asked how she happened to have been known to these celebrities of royalty.

"Well, I was single once," replied Mrs. Schafer. "My father was J. C. Huels, a noted student of languages who was translator to Queen Victoria. He translated the private correspondence of the queen when written in French, Italian, and other foreign languages.

"In this way I became known to the queen and members of the royal family. Since then my circumstances have changed, but that is all the more reason I should treasure these little gifts of royalty."

BOY SAVES TO GET A WIFE

Excuse Startles Father Who Wants Youngster's Wages.

New York, July 5.—A youthful giant in the person of Stefano Camariato, 14 years old, who until a few days ago lived with his parents at 237 East Seventy-Fifth street, was arraigned before Justice Hoyt in the children's court, charged with having run away from home and with being a disorderly boy.

His father complained that the boy was working, but had never turned over a penny of his earnings, saying he intended saving it in order to be married.

In court Stefano, who is nearly six feet tall and well built, said he was getting $3 a week and his board where he is employed, and was saving every dollar in order to take a wife.

Justice Hoyt was compelled to smile and asked the boy if he had selected his future bride. The boy blushingly acknowledged he had, but when excitably questioned by his father, refused to give her name.

KAISER WOULD AID WOMEN

Favors Opening to Them All Trades, Professions and Universities.

Berlin, July 5.—According to the Post, the Kaiser is much interested in the feminist movement and he frequently discusses the subject with his intimates. He favors opening all trades and professions to women and, in assisting them educationally by every means to earn a living, generally elevating them intellectually. He would gradually open all universities to them.

NOISES CUT OFF LIFE

Possible Quiet Would Make Nations of Centenarians, Says Scientists.

St. Louis, July 5.—That the majority of people would live to be more than 100 years old in these days of scientific comforts if nerve-racking and unnecessary noises were elliminated is the belief of Dr. Charles H. Hughes, one of the city's nationally known neurologists, who has written a forceful protest against needless noises to Chief of Police Young.

Dr. Hughes in his letter asked Chief Young if there is not "some way of stopping the revelry of unbridled motor car lunacy on the streets when sensible people are trying to sleep." He asked why a motor car should go through the streets roaring like a lion, wheezing like an asthmatic or shrieking like a woman in pain, a child in distress or an infant with the colic. noises," said Dr. Hughes, "would promote the public health more than any other agency. With modern comforts and quiet, people would live beyond the century mark and would not be hurried to their graves by neurasthenia.

Noises a Public Peril.

"The noises of civilization are more than a nuisance. They are a peril to the public health, because they rob people of restful sleep. No one in the crowded section of cities, these days, gets as much sleep as he ought to have. The people who are renovating the slums, seeking to give the residents of tenement districts fresh and pure air, are doing good work, but they would do a greater work if they would give the people more rest.

"Restful sleep is quite as essential as good food. Every adult should have at least seven or eight hours of perfect, dreamless, rebuilding sleep; but with all the noises of the city this seems almost impossible.

"To rob a person of sleep is as much thievery as to put your hand into his pocket and take his money, for adequate sleep means money, health and life to the man who must labor in order to live. The coming generations will pay as much attention to promoting rest to the citizens of the commonwealth as to guarding them against poisonous microbic influences.

Nation of Nervous Wrecks.

"The unnecessary noises of modern times are turning the nation into a multitude of sleep neurasthenics. Men become nervous wrecks and are at a loss to understand why until they reflect on the few hours of sleep they get from day to day.

"The worst noises at the present time are the automobile horns, the street cars and the screeching of factory whistles.

"Factory whistles should be entirely eliminated. Who can defend the chorus of whistles that the manufacturing establishments turn loose morning, noon and night? Then there are the church bells; they have outlived their usefulness. People nowadays do not need to be called to worship by a thundering peal from half a dozen bells, for certainly everyone can afford a dollar watch. The shrill screech of the peanut vender's wagon also ought to be suppressed."

Speaks as Authority.

Dr. Hughes has an international reputation as a neurologist, having been a member of the teaching staff of every medical college in St. Louis and a well-known writer on his specialty for more than 30 years. Years ago he was superintendent of the insane asylum at Fulton, Mo. At present he is editor of the Allenist and Neurologist.

MAN SITS UNMOVED 19 DAYS

Then Dies Suddenly While Nurse Still Holds His Head.

Richmond, Va., July 5.—Sitting in absolutely one position for 19 days, with his head held in place by a nurse, knowing his life was jeopardized if he moved the fraction of an inch, Edward Pease, suffering with a fracture of the skull where it joins the vertebrae, suddenly died. It was some time before the attendant noticed the rigidity of the body.

Pease's case was considered very unusual by local physicians and his recovery would have been a distinct victory for the medical men. From the time he was carried into the hospital unconscious, struck by a brick thrown by a negro, every precaution had been taken to keep him from rolling over and dying instantly. He never recovered full consciousness, sitting in a sort of stupor. During the long vigil, surgeons and physicians have watched and studied the case closely.

NATIONS ROW OVER PICTURE

Spanish Government Denies Duke's Right of Sale.

Paris, July 4.—Through the action of the Duke of Alba, whose suit for the hand of a Washington heiress, who was recently married to an American, was a matter of common report, there has arisen between the Spanish and German governments a diplomatic incident likely to cause the expenditure of oceans of ink.

In a convent at Monforte there is a painting by the Flemish artist, Hugh Van der Goes, which has been an object of envy to many collectors. The Duke of Alba is "patron" of the convent, and considered that his rights as patron—a survival of early days—entitled him to dispose of the picture to the Berlin museum for $340,000.

When the news of the sale became known the Spanish papers raised a hullabaloo, declaring that ducal patronage was extinct, the privilege not having been exercised for centuries, and the Spanish government intervened. The minister of fine arts telegraphed to the governor of the province in which Monforte is situated to prevent the removal of the painting by all means in his power. These orders were received simultaneously with the arrival on the scene of an attache of the German embassy, who had come to superintend the removal.

The German attache protested, exhibiting the papers of purchase and declaring that he was acting in the name of his government; but the Spanish government posted a gendarme to stand guard over the painting, and the attache had to depart without it.

The matter is being taken up between the two governments.

WON'T PLAY, PAYS DAMAGE

Paris, July 4.—An interesting theatrical lawsuit was decided when Mlle. Lanthelme, an actress, was ordered to pay $2,000 damages to M. Deval, manager of the Theatre de l'Athenee, for refusing to play the title role in an adaptation of Manon, for which she had been engaged.

The actress' defense was that her part contained a situation which offended her sense of propriety. The judgment set forth that the defendant must pay, as she had not even attempted to rehearse the play, while from her knowledge of the theatre she must have known it would not win success on the classic romance of Manon alone.

Moreover, the court pointed out, the actress had lately apeared in a play called Le Circuit in a role which contained the most daring situations.

AVIATOR IS KILLED

Wings of Monoplane Fold Up and He Drops With Lightning Speed.

Betheny, Plain, Rheims, France, July 5.—The opening of the second aviation meeting today on the historic field of Betheny, was marked by a fatal accident, the aviator, Wachter, being killed.

Wachter was the first of the contestants to appear for practice in the morning. In his Antoinette monoplane he battled long with the gale, amid the enthusiasm of the spectators, until the rain compelled him to make a descent. He resumed his flights in the afternoon, and was flying magnificently when suddenly an explosion was heard. The wings of the machine doubled up and the monoplane dropped to the earth with lightning speed.

The aviator was killed instantly in full view of the spectators, among whom were his wife and little daughter.

The accident is attributed to the breaking of the wire stays.

The prospects for the meeting, which will continue until July 10, are excellent. Seventy-two machines are entered, representing 13 types. The competitors include Latham, Count de Lambert, Sommer and other cracks. The prizes amount to 50,000.

Americans secured the best prizes last year at the first international meeting here, but this year there are no American entries. It was at Rheims that Glenn H. Curtiss won the international cup, flying 12.4 miles in 15 minutes 15 3-5 seconds.

TWO DOZEN GIVE LIVES TO HOLIDAY

DEAD	**24**
By fireworks and resulting fires	**4**
By firearms	**11**
By gunpowder	**4**
By toy pistols	**6**
INJURED	**1,294**
By fireworks	**650**
By cannon	**108**
By firearms	**173**
By gunpowder	**166**
By torpedoes	**59**
By toy pistols	**97**
By bomb canes	**18**
By runaways	**23**
FIRE LOSS	**$317,815**

While many cities throughout the United States tried the quiet Fourth for the first time with distinct success, and the total list of the killed and injured dropped considerably lower than the figures of last year, yet the fact that 24 lost their lives in the celebration of the holiday affords an appalling commentary on the need of still further progress toward a reasonable and quiet observation of the holiday.

There were 20 more killed last year than this year, but the fire loss, on the other hand, reached figures which make it the third largest since statistics have been kept.

Outside of Toledo, which is a pioneer of the safe and sane Fourth idea, the most notable examples of the quiet holiday were to be found in New York and Chicago. In those cities patriotic parades, music and harmless celebration gave way to the program of noise and fireworks of past years.

The fact that there were few accidents in Toledo was a surprise to nobody, but to find Chicago and New York with practically no dead and injured list was remarkable.

The old-fashioned Fourth held the boards in Kansas City and Pittsburg. There were three killed in each city.

TWENTY-THREE KILLED

Officials Seek to Determine Which Train Crew Is Responsible.

Middletown, O., July 5.—Three victims of the wreck of the Big Four New York flyer here yesterday died from their injuries during the night, bringing the total number of the dead up to 23. Reports from the hospitals in Dayton and Hamilton, where many of the 37 injured were taken, indicate Some of them are frightfully injured, and no hope is held out for their recovery.

Investigation Begins.

The wrecking crews worked all night and the track was cleared early today. No more bodies were found in the debris. Officials are now engaged in trying to place the responsibility for the wreck. It is known that a misunderstanding of orders caused the catastrophe, but which train crew was at fault has as yet not been learned.

Speeding at a rate of 50 miles an hour, the fast passenger train crashed into the second section of a C., H. & D. freight train as it was about to pass to a siding.

Day Coach Telescoped.

The timbers in the car following were driven with terrific force into the day coach, which mounted the gondola car and split it in twain. Every seat in the day coach was torn from its fastenings, the roof was thrown to one side, and the heavy weight of massive timbers, hurled with awful force, struck among the men and women in the coach.

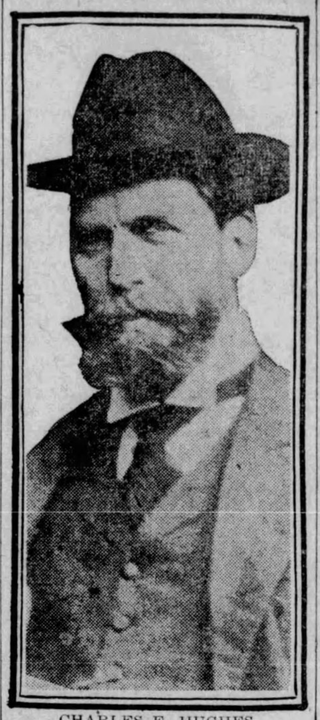
Engineer George Wald had received orders to wait at Post Town, a siding station three miles north of this city, according to railroad officials. The freight train was to have passed him there, but was late in pulling out of Middletown. Instead of the seven minutes' margin which Wallace thought he had to reach Middletown, the time was less than five minutes. The first section of the freight had taken the siding here and Conductor John Weaver, in charge of the second section, tried to reach the north end of the same siding. Before his train had cleared the switch points the passenger train rounded a curve screened by the thickly wooded lots on each side of the track. The engine crews had time to jump and all escaped serious injury.

The Big Four train had been detoured to avoid a blocked track on that road a few miles south of here, caused by a freight wreck earlier in the day. In addition to its regular crew it carried as a pilot engineer George Wald, of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton road, who was practically in charge of the train.

GOVERNOR GOES TO SENATE

Baton Rouge, La., July 5.—Gov. Jared Y. Sanders was th's afternoon elected United States senator from Louisiana, succeeding Samuel Douglas McEnery, deceased. J. D. Wilkinson, of Shreveport, was also nominated, but Sanders' majority was overwhelming.

Man Who May Be Next Chief Justice



CHARLES E. HUGHES.

SEE HUGHES AS CHIEF

Washington People Think President Will Choose New Yorker.

Washington, July 5.—Chief Justice Fuller died at the dawn of his nation's natal day. What man, as leader of the American judiciary, will take his place? Today all Washington answers, Charles E. Hughes, governor of New York.

Word which came from Sorrento, Me., yesterday morning that the venerablehead of the country's highest tribunal had been claimed by heart attack caused consternation. Attempts made at the capital today to anticipate President Taft's choice as Melville W. Fuller's successor involve perplexing conditions, but the consensus of opinion is that Gov. Hughes will be tendered and will accept the post.

In the legal chaos which was precipitated by the sudden demise of the chief justice of the United States supreme court only one thing is regarded as absolutely certain, the great Standard Oil and tobacco trust cases will not be reargued until next December.

President Is Silent.

While the President, at Beverly, Mass., last night declined to commit himself, it is regarded as certain that Gov. Hughes will be the next chief justice. Gov. Hughes already has accepted appointment as an associate justice and his nomination to that place has been confirmed by the senate.

The death of Chief Justice Fuller has resulted in an almost unprecedented occurrence as to vacancies on the supreme bench. Should Justice Moody accepts the terms of special legislation enacted by congress this summer and retire on full pay, three vacancies in the court will exist when it convenes next October. With three vacancies, the serious illness or death of another member of the court would bring the work of the tribunal to a standstill, six justices constituting a quorum necessary for the transaction of business.

In fulfillment of a wish he had oft expressed, that he might end his long life in the very room where six years ago his wife had died, the venerable chief justice passed away yesterday morning at his summer home at Sorrento. Not only did Chief Justice Fuller round out his days in the room where his wife had breathed her last, but it was in the state of his nativity, the state he loved more than any other of the union, that his long career was ended. Chief Justice Fuller was seventy-seven.

The funeral services will be held at the Church of the Redeemer at Sorrento Wednesday afternoon. Burial will be at Chicago, probably on Friday.

LIFE PRISON FOR HYDE

Judge Sentences Kansas City Slayer to Endure Hard Labor.

Kansas City, Mo., July 5.—Dr. B. C. Hyde, convicted of having poisoned Col. Thos. H. Swope, the millionaire philanthropist, was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor by Judge Ralph S. Latshaw in the criminal court here this morning.

An appeal to the state supreme court was filed by Hyde's attorney, and until it is taken up by the higher court the prisoner will remain in the county jail here.

The case was called by Judge Latshaw as soon as court was opened this morning. The doctor and his wife, who had stood by him so faithfully, sat side by side and held each other's hands.

Judge Latshaw promptly overruled the motion for arrest of judgment and commanded Dr. Hyde to stand up. Before passing sentence he asked the prisoner if he had anything to say.

Dr. Hyde, smiling and calm, repleied: "I did not understand you, Judge."

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?" repeated the judge.

Hyde Won't Talk.

"My attorneys will talk for me," said Dr. Hyde quietly.

At this point Attorney Lucas, for the defense, rose and told the court he had nothing to say. Then, as Dr. Hyde remained standing, Judge Latshaw continued:

"The judgment of the court, Dr. Hyde, is that you be confined in the state penitentiary at Jefferson City at hard labor for and during the period of your natural life."

A moment later Dr. Hyde had resumed his seat by his wife at the attorneys' table.

Can't Grant Bail.

His attorneys asked the court to grant bail. This the judge said he could not do, and then Mr. Lucas presented an affidavit for an appeal to the state supreme court.

This was accepted by Judge Latshaw, and Hyde was remanded to the county jail. The court said the prisoner would be kept there until the supreme court had passed finally upon his case. As the court does not meet until the first week in September, and, as it has a heavy docket, it is the belief of attorneys that the case can not be reached for at least six months.

TAFT HAS A BUSY DAY

President Spends Fourth Around Boston.

Boston, July 5.—President Taft spent a busy Independence day in Boston and three adjacent cities of Everett, Somerville and Cambridge. Motoring up from Beverly he made a hurried call at Everett, where he saw a thousand school children.

Continuing on to Somerville he reviewed a typical Fourth of July parade, only to have his enjoyment of the day somewhat marred upon learning of the death of Chief Justice Fuller. During the day he found opportunity of expressing his grief over the nation's loss and sent a message of condolence to the family.

Hurrying into this city he saw Boston's effort toward a "safe and sane" Fourth and indorsed the movement in a characteristic speech in which he expressed the hope that it would spread throughout the Union.

After a luncheon at the City club he motored to Cambridge, where he was the guest for an hour of President Lowell, of Harvard. His speech to the National Educational association in the Harvard stadium closed the public day, and it was a somewhat tired official that climbed the steps of the summer capitol at Beverly at sundown last night.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., July 5. — Continued drought in the northwest over the holidays was directly responsible for an advance in wheat at the outset. Spring wheat markets reflected the crop conditions and were firm and higher without exception. Cables also felt the effects of the bullish northwest situation. Bears say that gains in winter wheat and the generally favorable outlook for foreign crops more than offset the bullish spring wheat situation, but the fact remains the market has been uplifted materially by the drought. Toledo cash opened 2½c higher at $1.02½, July 1¼c higher at $1.00¼, September 1¼c advanced at $1.01½ and December 3½ higher at $1.04. The market was steady to a shade higher in the initial half hour.

Prospects of cool weather in the northwest had a slightly depressing effect, but as no showers were indicated by the late reports, prices continued to climb. There was hardly a soft spot during the entire day and at the end the market was at the high point. Cash closed 3¼c up at $1.03½, July 3⅝c up at $1.02⅜, September 3⅜c higher at $1.03⅝ and December 5¼c advanced at $1.05¾.

What strength corn showed was chiefly from sympathy with wheat. July started ¼c higher at 61c, September ¼c up at 62¼c, December ½c advanced at 59⅜c and May unchanged at 62c. Prices continued to advance as the morning progressed.

Corn finals: Cash, 62¼c; July, 63⅜c; September, 63¼c; December, 60c; May, 62⅞c.

Oats, likewise showed an advancing tendency. July opened ½c up at 40⅜c, September ½c higher at 39½c and December ¼c up at 40¼c.

The close in oats was: Cash and July, 41c; September, 39¾c; December, 40¾c; May, 43⅜c.

Clover seed was irregular in price movement, opening higher and losing the gain before midday. Cash started unchanged at $7.00, and the futures at the same price, the latter showing a 35-point advance. In the first half hour the future options dropped 25c.

At the close clover seed was unchanged in cash and about 10c up in the futures.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close— July 5.	July 2
Cash	1.02½	....	....	1.03½	1.00¼
July	1.00¼	....	....	1.02⅝	99
Sept	1.01½	....	....	1.03⅜	1.00
Dec	1.04	....	....	1.05¾	1.00½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	62½	62
July	61	....	....	61⅝	60⅜
Sept	62¼	....	....	63¼	62
Dec	59⅝	....	....	60	59⅛
May	62	....	....	62⅞	62
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	41	40¼
July	40⅜	....	40½	41	40¼
Sept	39¼	....	39	39⅜	39
Dec	40¼	....	....	40⅝	40
May	....	....	....	43⅜	42½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	7.00	....	....	7.00	7.00
Oct	7.00	....	....	6.75	6.65
Dec	7.00	....	....	6.75	6.65
March	7.00	....	....	6.75	6.65
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	79	79
No. 3	....	....	....	76	76
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.35	....
Aug	....	....	....	2.40	....
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.45	7.45
Aug	....	....	....	7.85	7.85

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	99½	1.01⅝	....	1.01⅝	97⅝
Sept	1.00	1.01⅞	99¼	1.01⅜	98
Dec	1.01	....	....	1.03⅛	99⅝
May	1.05¼	1.06½	1.04½	1.06⅝	1.03
Corn—					
July	58½	....	....	59⅜	58¼
Sept	60⅝	61⅞	60⅝	61⅝	60⅝
Dec	59½	....	....	59⅜	58⅝
May	60¾	61⅞	....	61⅞	60⅝
Oats—					
July	39⅜	....	39¼	40	38¾
Sept	38⅝	39¾	....	39⅝	38½
Dec	39⅜	40½	....	40⅝	39⅜
May	42¼	....	....	43	42

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	1.08¼	....	....	1.09⅜	1.05⅝
Sept	1.06¼	....	....	1.07⅜	1.04

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	96¾	....	....	99	95¾
Sept	97½	....	....	99½	96⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	1.14⅜	1.11¼
Sept	....	....	....	1.09¾	1.05½

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	1.17	1.14
Sept	....	....	....	1.11⅞	1.07½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	25.00	....	24.50	24.52	24.37
Sept	22.70	22.80	22.32	22.35	22.42
Lard—					
July	12.20	....	....	12.07	12.22
Sept	12.25	....	....	12.10	12.25
Nov	11.75	....	....	11.57	11.75
Ribs—					
July	12.87	....	....	12.67	....
Sept	12.37	....	....	12.12	12.30
Oct	11.85	....	11.67	11.70	....

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, July 5.—Hog arrivals were fair and the market was about 15c higher. With the exception of an advance of 25c in prime calves other live stock held steady.

Local live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected hearles, $9.30@9.40; good mediums, $9.40@9.50; heavy yorkers, $9.50@9.60; light yorkers, $9.60@9.70; good mixed, $9.50; good pigs, $9.60@9.70; bulk of sales, $9.50; stags and roughs, $6.50@8.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,400 lbs. and up, $7.25@7.65; good to choice, $7.00@7.50; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $7.00@7.25; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $6.50@6.75; common and light steers, $5.50@6.00; choice fat cows, $5.25@5.50; fair to good cows, $4.00@4.50; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.75; prime export bulls, $5.50@5.75; good butcher, $4.50@5.00; fair to good bologna, $4.00@4.50; common, $3.50@4.00; choice fat heifers, $5.50@6.25; fair to good heifers, $5.00@5.50; common and light heifers, $4.50@5.00; good to choice feeding steers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good feeders, $4.00@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25 to $50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.50 down; good to choice mixed, $4.50@5.00; fair to good, $4.00@4.50; culls and common, $4.00; clipped lambs, $5.50 down; yearlings, $5.00@5.50; spring lambs, $7.50.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9.25 down; fair to good, $7.00@7.50; common to light, $6.00@6.50 down; heavy and pail fed, $5.00@